
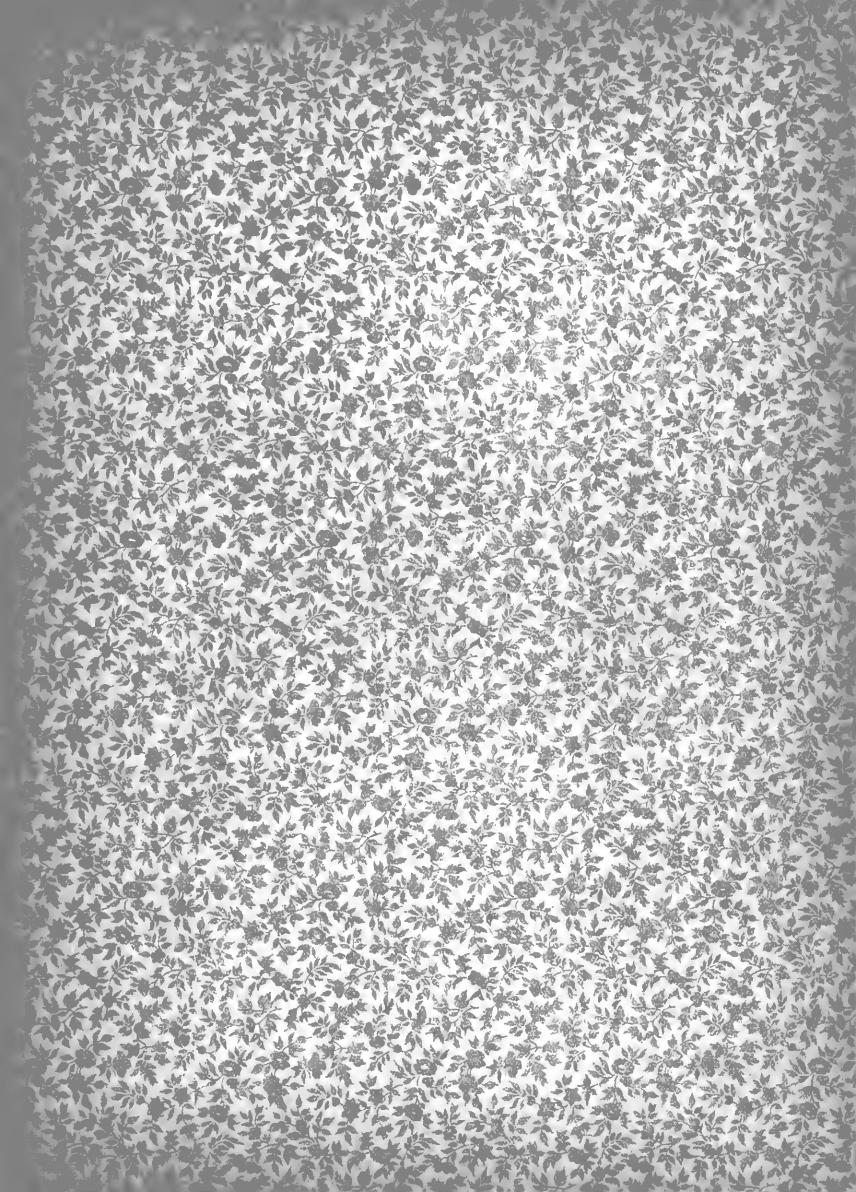


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HERE'S TO WAKE FOREST

Edwards & Broughton
Printers and Binders
Raleigh, N. C.

THE HOWLER

VOLUME IV

MDCCCXVI

Published Annually by the
PHILOMATHESIAN AND EUZELIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE



BEFORE

DEDICATION

TO CHARLES ELISHA TAYLOR, D. D.
FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF
A CENTURY
THE PRESIDENT OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE,
AND WHOSE RARE TACT,
SOUND JUDGMENT, AND RIPE SCHOLARSHIP, EMINENTLY
FITTED HIM FOR THIS GREAT WORK,
THIS BOOK, IN APPRECIATION
OF HIS NOBLE AND UNSELFISH SERVICE,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE EDITORS.



DR. CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Charles Elisha Taylor

CHARLES ELISHA TAYLOR was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 28, 1842. Through both father and mother he is descended from distinguished ancestors. His father, Rev. J. B. Taylor, D.D., was born in England in the early part of the nineteenth century, and was brought to Virginia by his parents while an infant.

Dr. Taylor's mother was the daughter of Rev. Elisha Williams, of Beverly, Massachusetts, who, after active service as an officer in the Revolution, became a Congregational minister.

As a boy Dr. Taylor was fond of outdoor games and sports, but at the same time was always devoted to books. This habit of reading, acquired in boyhood, has remained with him through his whole life, and has done much in shaping his character and career.

He entered Richmond College in 1858, but was not permitted to finish his college course without interruption. In April, 1861, on the day of the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the Virginia Convention, he left college and joined Company F of the First Virginia Regiment. Afterwards he was assigned to the Twenty-first Virginia Regiment, and in July, 1861, was engaged in a campaign in West Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee. On December of the same year his brigade was sent to join Stonewall Jackson in the lower valley. Under this great leader he bore a brave part in some of the most important battles of the war. At the battle of Kernstown, March 23, 1862, he received a painful wound, from the effects of which he still suffers. After spending several weeks under the care of a surgeon, he was transferred to the Signal and Secret Service Corps under General J. E. B. Stuart. In 1863 he was made acting adjutant of the Signal and Secret Service Bureau in Richmond, remaining in this position until the end of the war.

At the reopening of the University of Virginia, in 1865, he entered this famous old institution, taking the entire academic course and graduating with the class of 1870. Following his graduation he spent several months in Europe, and on his return he assumed the Chair of Latin in Wake Forest College. Dr. Taylor was admirably endowed by Nature for a college professor. While courteous and easy of approach to all, he held the respect and esteem of all who knew him. As a teacher he required accuracy and thoroughness of his students, yet he made every lesson interesting to his class.

Soon after coming to Wake Forest, he decided to preach, and was ordained April 23, 1871, his father assisting in the ordination.

On the eleventh of September, 1873, Dr. Taylor married Miss Mary Hinton Pritchard, the daughter of the great Baptist preacher, Dr. John L. Pritchard. Of this union seven children have been born, six daughters and one son.

Dr. Taylor was elected President of Wake Forest in December, 1883, succeeding Dr. T. H. Pritchard. He found a college with seven professors, three substantial brick buildings, about \$100,000 of endowment, and a student enrollment of 150. The college of to-day, with its seventeen professors, with six buildings in use and two more in process of erection, with an endowment of over \$300,000, and with nearly 350 students, is largely the product of Dr. Taylor's energy, perseverance, and ability.

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College Calendar

For Session 1906-1907

August 29-30	Entrance Examinations
August 31	Beginning of the Session
September 15	Applications for degrees submitted
October 4	Subjects of Senior and Junior Theses submitted
October 27-28	Mid Term Examinations
December 5	Senior Speaking
December 14-22	Fall Term Examinations
December 23-January 2	Christmas Holidays
January 3	Beginning of Spring Term
February 17	Anniversary Celebration of Literary Society
March 8	Senior Speaking
March 9-10	Mid Term Examinations
Easter Monday	Holiday
May 1	Senior and Junior Theses submitted
May 15-23	Spring Term Examinations
May 23-26	Commencement

Wednesday, 10:00 a. m.—Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees

8:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon

Thursday, 11:00 a. m.—Address before the Literary Societies

8:30 p. m.—Address before the Alumni

Friday, 11:00 a. m.—Commencement Day—Addresses by representatives of the Graduating Class, and Closing Exercises of the Session

Greeting

Good friends, kind friends we gladly greet,
And bid you con this book with care,
For well it pays to see the wit
That hides in every page so fair.

It tells the things that each has done
For Alma Mater strong and true,
The glories won by every class
And what in time all hope to do.



HERBERT JENKINS,
Business Manager.



GEORGE T. GOODWYN,
Editor-in-Chief.



WOODIE LENNON,
Art Editor.

EDITORS



H. M. POTREAT.



V. O. WEATHERS.



J. F. GREASON.



T. H. BEVERLY.



J. W. VERNON.



JESSE GARDNER.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Faculty Roll

WILLIAM L. POTEAT, M.A., LL.D., PRESIDENT,
Professor of Biology.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Lit., D.D.,
Professor of Moral Philosophy.

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D.,
Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

LUTHER R. MILLS, M.A.,
Professor of Pure Mathematics.

BENJAMIN F. SLEDD, M.A.,
Professor of English Language and Literature.

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A.,
Professor of Applied Mathematics
and Astronomy.

JOHN B. CARLYLE, M.A.,
Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

NEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., B.L.,
Professor of Law.

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., Th.D.,
Professor of the Bible.

E. WALTER SIKES, M.A., Ph.D.,
Professor of History and Political Science.

JAMES L. LAKE, M.A.,
Professor of Physics.

Dr. W. S. RANKIN,
Professor of Medicine.

Dr. L. M. GAINES,
Professor of Medicine.

DARIUS EATMAN, M.A.,
Professor of Pedagogy.

GEORGE W. PASCHAL, B.A., Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Latin and Greek.

W. L. VAUGHN, B.A.,
Associate Professor of English.

A. H. OLIVE, B.A.,
Associate Professor of Chemistry.



OUR PRESIDENT.



CHAS. E. TAYLOR.



WM. B. ROYALL.



LUTHER R. MILLS.



BENJ. F. SLEDD.



CHAS. E. BREWER.



JNO. F. LANNEAU.



J. B. CARLYLE.



N. Y. GULEY.



J. H. GORRELL.



WILLIS R. CULLOM.



E. WALTER SIKES.



JAMES L. LAKE.



DR. W. S. RANKIN.



DR. L. M. GAINES.



DARIUS EATMAN.



GEORGE W. PASCHAL.



W. L. VAUGHAN.



A. H. OLIVE.

Fugit Hora

Scarce it seems our work begun
E'er our college duties done;
Oh! how swift the moments fly:
Onward! upward! is the cry.

Enter we the battle's roar,
Wrest from earth her hidden store:
Oceans anger do we tame,
Bound nor limit to our fame.

Pause, we hope a better star
Guides our footsteps from afar—
Guides them through the noisy strife
To the higher heavenly life.



THE CLASSES



SENIOR

Senior Class

Officers

WALLACE O. BAYNES, President.

HERBERT JENKINS, Vice-President.

JOHN IVEY SMITH, Secretary.

GORDON E. EDWARDS, Treasurer.

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Historian.

GEORGE J. SPENCE, Poet.

BEN. T. HOLDING, Prophet.



THOMAS BRYCE ASHCRAFT, B.A.,
MARSHVILLE, N. C.

"When he speaks
The air, a chartered libertine is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

One of our Union County delegation, born Nov. 27, 1882. He is 5 feet 10 inches high, and tips the scales at 175. He has dark hair and eyes. He came from Wingate High School in the Fall of 1903. He was President of the Junior Class in 1904-'05, and won the Junior Orator's Medal in the Euzelian Society in the Spring of 1905. He also held the position of Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. that session, and was orator from the Eu. Society at Anniversary, '06.

OSCAR WENTWORTH BAYNES, B.A.,
WINSTON, N. C.

"Our self-made men are the glory of our institution."

Baynes was born May 22, 1883. He is 5 feet 11 inches high, and weighs 155; has black hair and blue eyes. Received his early training at Oak Ridge. Entered Wake Forest in 1903. He was Senior Speaker and President of Class.





KADER RANDOLPH CURTIS, B.A.,
AHOSKIE, N. C.

"Life is short and so am I."

Curtis was born November 2, 1883. He is 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 139 pounds. Has light hair and blue eyes.

Associate Editor of the *Student*, 1905-'06.

MARION LESLIE DAVIS, B.L.,
BEAUFORT, N. C.

"He was what a man should be to a woman ever:
gentle, and yet a guide."

Leslie, a devoted lover of the fair sex, comes from the banks of the ocean, where he was born August 9, 1879. Stands 6 feet 1 inch, and weighs 155 pounds; has light hair and blue eyes. A great singer of world-wide reputation. Knows and is known by all.

Chief Marshal Anniversary, 1904. Glee Club and Orchestra, 1904-'05. Vice-President of Class of 1905 Senior Speaker, 1905, and Commencement Speaker, 1905.





ELLIOTT BRANTLEY EARNSHAW, B.A.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

"And wisdom's self,
Oft seeks for sweet retir'd solitude,
Where, with her best nurses, contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings."

He is 5 feet 8 inches high, and weighs 140. He has light hair and blue eyes. He has held the position of Assistant Bursar for three years, and this year he was a Senior Speaker and Editor-in-Chief of the Student from the Eu. Society, and a member of the Glee Club.

Double Tennis Champion.
Commencement Speaker.

GORDON RABY EDWARDS, B.A.
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."

Edwards, the youngest boy of the Class, was born October 24, 1887. Has black hair and grey eyes; stands 5 feet 11 inches, and weighs 135 pounds. Secretary of Senior Class, 1905-'06.





RUFUS FORD, JR., B.A., BENNETTSVILLE, S. C.

"Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts."

Rufus hails from South Carolina. Was born April 1, 1887. Has brown hair and blue eyes; weighs 148 pounds, and stands 5 feet and 7 inches.

Senior Speaker, 1905-'06.

BYRD PLEASANT GENTRY, B.A.,
BETHEL HILL, N. C.

"Your politicians
Have evermore a taint of vanity;
As hasty still to show and boast a plot
As they are greedy to contrive it."

Byrd was born October 22, 1879. He is 5 feet 9 inches high, and weighs 140. He has light hair and grey eyes. In his youth he attended Bethel Hill Institute. He adorned his Senior year with the positions of Librarian, Senior Speaker, and Class Orator.





CLEMENT TYSON GOODE, M.A.,
MOORESBORO, N. C.

"No word was spoken, all was feeling;
The silent transport of the heart."

Goode has light hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches high, and pulls down 165 pounds. He has been always considered by his class-mates to be one of the quietest and most studious of boys.

He was Editor-in-Chief of THE HOWLER last year, and Senior Speaker.

GEORGE THOMAS GOODWYN, B.A.,
LAURINBURG, N. C.

"Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished."

Mose first saw the light in Laurinburg, November 27, 1884. Has black hair and blue eyes, weight 140 and stands 5 feet 10 inches.

He was Vice-President of Class of 1902-'03.

Poet of Class of 1904-'05.

Ball Team four years.

Editor-in Chief of HOWLER, 1905-'06.





EARLE GORE, B.A.,

CLARKTON, N. C.

"The possession of great powers carries with it a contempt for mere external show."

Earle was born October 15, 1883. From head to heels he measures 6 feet 4 inches, and weighs 170 pounds; has dark hair and grey eyes. He was Secretary of Class, 1906. Associate Editor of *HOWLER*, 1905. Basket Ball Team, 1905-'06.

SPURGEON ORD HAMRICK, B.A.,
SHELBY, N. C.

"For Plato's love sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagfrite
Enriched and beautified his studious mind."

Spurgeon first saw the light on December 9, 1883. His height is 5 feet 11 inches, and he weighs 170. He has black hair and grey eyes. He was Chief Marshal at the Commencement of 1905. Business Manager of the *Student* for 1905-'06, and Secretary of the Junior Class for 1904-'05.





BENJAMIN THOMAS HOLDING, B.A.,
YOUNGVILLE, N. C.

"In all thy humors whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with nor without thee."

Fatty was born March 1, 1883. Weighs 185, stands 5 feet 9 inches. Has black hair and blue eyes. Historian and Clerk of Law Class, 1905. Sheriff of Moot Court, 1906. First Debater, 1906. Base Ball Team, 1905.

JUDSON DUNBAR IVES, M.A.,
PINE BLUFF, N. C.

"He who studies nature's laws,
From certain truths his maxims draw."

Dunbar hails from Maine, where he was born February 19, 1884. He now lives near Pine Bluff, N. C. He weighs 145 pounds, and measures 5 feet 8 inches. Has light hair and blue eyes.

Member of Band, 1903.

Laboratory Assistant in Biology, 1904-'06.





LISTON JACKSON, B.A.,

DILLON, S. C.

"He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts
by the attractions of his own."

Jack was born June 16, 1884. Has black hair and brown eyes; a danger to the fair sex. Weighs 165 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches. He was Orator from Phi. Society, 1906.

HERBERT JENKINS, B.A.,

MENOLA, N. C.

"He was in logic a great critic.
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side."

Born February 13, 1883. Height 5 feet 9 inches. Weighs 150. Dark hair and blue eyes.

This year he was Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry, Business Manager of THE HOWLER, Vice-President of the Class, Senior Speaker, and Chief Marshal Anniversary.





WINGATE MEMORY JOHNSON, M.A.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."

Dr. Johnson was born August 12, 1885. He weighs 140, and is 5 feet 10 inches high. Has black hair and blue eyes. He was Editor of the *Student*, 1904-'05. Associate Editor of *Wake Forest Weekly*, 1906.

EDWIN BRUCE JOSEY, B.A.,
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

"Love reigns, a very tyrant in my breast,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions."

Edwin, a light-haired, brown-eyed youth, was born March 6, 1885. He stands 6 feet, and weighs 176 pounds. Was Senior Speaker, 1905-'06.





RICHARD LEON KENDRICK, B.A.,
ROCK HILL, S. C.

"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of true christianity."

"Dick," a brown-eyed, dark-haired, and a very chunky chap—being 5 feet 5 inches, and weighing 152 pounds. Was born September 3, 1884. President Sophomore Class, 1903-'04. Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1903-'04. Associate Editor of *HOWLER*, 1904-'05. Senior Speaker, 1905-'06.

ALFRED HENDERSON OLIVE, M.A.,
THOMASVILLE, N. C.

*"Who'er among the suns
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit is a noble
Of nature's own creating."*

Born April 19, 1878. Weighs 195 pounds, and is 6 feet 1 inch. Has black hair and blue eyes. He was Assistant in Physics, 1903-'04. Speaker in Wake Forest and Furman Debate, 1904. Historian of Class, 1905. Speaker in Wake Forest and Richmond Debate, 1905. Anniversary Orator, 1905. Commencement Speaker, 1905. Assistant Professor of Chemistry, 1906. Chairman of Honor Committee.





LLOYD ARCHIE PARKER, B.A., MENOLA, N. C.

"His tongue
Dropped, manna and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."

"Old Stee" was born May 5, 1884. He is 5 feet 7 inches high, and his weight is 136. He has light hair and blue eyes

He was First Debater from the Eu. Society at Anniversary, 1906.

WILLIE D. POE, B.A.,

PITTSBORO, N. C

"I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coinciden, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

Poe was born April 20, 1880. Has light hair and blue eyes, He is one of the "tall ones," being 6 feet 2 inches, and weighing 165 pounds.

Second Debater Anniversary, 1904.



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HUBERT McNEIL POTEAT, B.A.,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"There is always room for a man of force,
And he makes room for many."

Hubert was born December 12, 1886. Has light hair and brown eyes, stands 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 177. President of Tennis Club, 1903-'04. Leader of Glee Club and Orchestra, 1903-'04. President Y. M. C. A., 1904-'05. Assistant in Latin, 1905-'06. Senior Speaker, 1905-'06. Associate Editor of HOWLER, 1905-'06. Historian of Senior Class, 1905-'06. Doubles and Singles Tennis Champion.

VALLIN CONWAY RAY, B.A., BANGOR, N. C.

"As bold as Daniel in the lion's den."

Born May 26, 1887. He is 5 feet 11 inches high, and weighs 157. He has raven-black hair and brown eyes of the kind the ladies like.





OLIVER PRESTON RICHARDSON, B.A.,
GAFFNEY, S. C.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

"Rich," a brown-haired, gray-eyed lad, was born
May 1884. He is 5 feet 11 inches high and weighs
150 pounds.

Poet of Freshman class 1903-'04.

Ball Team 1903-'06.

Glee Club 1904-'06.

President Athletic Association 1905-'06.

WILLIAM LANKFORD ROYALL, B.A.,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow,
Nature had written—Gentleman."

This auburn-haired, blue-eyed lad was born June
1, 1886. He is 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 150 pounds.

William has been successful in all things, even his
love affairs, and if everything runs smooth, he will
be the first one to ask ma.





GEORGE J. SPENCE, B.A.,
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

"A stray volume of real life,
A work of real merit finds favor at last."

"Here," a merry lad with red hair and blue eyes,
was born 1883. He is a manly fellow weighing 130
pounds and 5 feet 5 inches from heels to head.

Historian Freshman Class 1903.
Athletic Editor of Howler 1904.
Business Manager of Howler 1905.
Historian Law Class 1905.
Editor of Student 1905.
Class Poet 1906.
Licensed Attorney.



ROMULUS L. SIGMAN, B.A.,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
His infinite variety."

Born May 15, 1872. Height 5 feet 8 inches.
Weight 160 pounds. Black hair and gray eyes.
Licensed Attorney.



CARL RAY SMITH, B.A., TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.

"O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends."

Ray was born June 29, 1887. Has light hair and gray eyes, from head to foot he measures 6 feet 1 inch and weighs 175 pounds.

He was secretary of freshman class 1902-'03.

Commencement marshal 1904.

Glee Club 1905-'06.

Assistant manager Ball Team 1906.

EUGENE A. TURNER, M.A.,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth."

The subject of this sketch was born January 22, 1884. "Gene" has light hair and blue eyes. He is 5 feet 9 inches and weighs 158 pounds. One of the most popular boys in college.

Junior medal 1904

Secretary of Athletic Association 1905.

Associate Editor of Weekly 1905

Historian of Class 1905.

Won Fiction medal Honor Committee 1904-'06.

Editor-in-Chief of Weekly 1906.

Ball Team 1904-'06.





VERNON O. WEATHERS, B.A.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

"He has I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks and of high fate
That almost awes me."

The subject of this sketch was born May 27, 1886,
weighs 158 and is 5 feet 11 inches high, has light
hair and gray eyes.

Senior Editor of HOWLER 1905-'06,
Assistant in Physics 1905-'06.

JESSE B. WEATHERSPOON, B.A.,
DURHAM, N. C.

"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme,
Eloquence shall throne thee with archangels."

Jesse was born July 21, 1886. Has Black hair and
brown eyes, weigh 150 and is 5 feet and 7 inches.

Won Freshman medal 1903
Historian Sophomore Class 1903-'04.
Won Junior's Orator medal 1905.
Vice-President Y. M. C. A. 1904-'05.
Senior Speaker 1905-'06.
President Anniversary Debate 1906.





HUBERT L. WIGGS, B.A.,

ATLANTA, GA.

"A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Billy first saw light October 13, 1884. He is 5 feet 10 inches, weigh 149. Light hair and blue eyes.

Chief marshal Commencement 1904.

Manager Base Ball Team 1904-'05.

President Athletic Association 1904-'05.

Member of Advisory Board of Athletic Association Committee.

M. F. HATCHER, B.L.

"He hath eaten me out of a house and home."

Born in Randolph County, N. C., 1879. Brown eyes; black hair; weight, 185; height, 5 11.

Second Debater Anniversary '02.

Senior Speaker '06.

Historian Law Class '06.

Solicitor of Moot Court '06.





J. G. ANDERSON, B.L., ENFIELD, N. C.

"Our decrees,
Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose"

He came into the world August 31, 1883. He is
5 feet 8 inches and weighs 145. Light hair and blue
eyes has he.

Licensed Attorney.

JAMES F. GREASON, B.L., EULIS, N. C.

"Titles of honor add not to his worth,
Who is an honor to his birth."

Greason hails from Eulis, where he was born May
8, 1881. A tall lad standing 6 feet 2 inches and
weighing 155. He has black hair and blue eyes.

He was Associate Editor of *HOWLER* 1905-'06.

Poet of Law Class 1905-'06.





DONALD GULLEY, B.L., WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"When I beheld this I sighed and said within
Myself, surely mortal man is a broom-stick."

"Don" was born January 2, 1886. He measures from head to heel 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 150 pounds, has black hair and gray eyes.

E. M. HAIRFIELD, B.L.,

AXTON, VA.

"No thief e'er felt the halter draw.
With good opinion of the law."

Born December 15, 1879. He is 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 145. He has black hair and brown eyes.

He was Secretary of the Law Class in 1904-'05. Treasurer of the Law Class in 1905-'06, and Senior Speaker in 1905-'06.

Licensed Attorney.





ALEXANDER K. POWERS, B.L.,
WILLARD, N. C.

"Thus have I had thee, as a dream will flatter,
In sleep a king but waking no such matter."

"Frog" hails from the wilds of Pender, where he was born March 15, 1885. He has light hair, blue eyes, and is a little stumpy, being 5 feet 10 inches, and weighing 170 pounds. Was Secretary of Law Class, 1906.

JOHN M. PICOT, B.L., LITTLETON, N. C.

"Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,
Would shake the saint ship of an anchorite."

John was born September 27, 1884. Has light hair and blue eyes. Weighs 150 pounds and stands 5 feet 10 inches.

Associate Editor of *HOWLER*, 1904-'05.
Vice-President of Law Class, 1905-'06.
Licensed Attorney.





JOHN IVEY SMITH, B.L., GREENVILLE, N. C.

" My slumbers—if I sleep—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought
Which then I can resist not."

" Smoots " first saw light December 5, 1883. He is sure a ladies' man, as he has brown hair and gray eyes. Is 5 feet 11 1/2 inches, and weighs 172.

He was Prophet of Freshman Class, 1904.

Vice President of Sophomore Class, 1905.

Captain Ball Team 1904-'05.

Manager Glee Club and Orchestra.

Member of Honor Committee.

Secretary of Senior Class.

JOHN H. VERNON, B.L., BUSHY FORK, N. C.

" The first product that nature holds up to its maker is a
finished man "

John was born November 15, 1884. A youth with black hair and gray eyes. Weighs 134 pounds, and is 5 feet 11 inches.

Licensed Attorney.

Anniversary Debater, 1904.

Secretary Inter-Collegiate Debate, 1904.

Senior Speaker, 1905.


Class Orator, 1905.

President of Law Class, 1906.



Class Will

Without the loss of one—Amen.

 E, the members of the Class of '06, of sound judgment, do hereby make this our last legal disposition of all property, both personal and general, which is our allotment.

To PRESIDENT POTTEAT, the *caput et corpus* of our grand alma mater, we will a long and happy reign—that his sonorous voice and smacking lips may ever be resonant throughout the college walls, and that he may live happily through many years in his pleasant "log-house."

To "CHARLIE" BREWER we will that he may ever live happily under the "Anheuser Busch"—that he may always be careful how he instructs the newish chemists, lest they learn to make "funk" and work havoc on the next year's "Fire-hies." We further wish to compliment him on his ability to readily adapt a rare kind of oil (olive) to the uses of the Laboratory.

To DR. TAYLOR we will as much moral Philosophy as we can possibly spare—and for the sake of the Juniors, many visits to New York and other points, intermingled with many visits off the hill. We further will that he may never pollute the mundane sphere by spitting tobacco juice upon it, and that he will long continue to set forth excellent precepts.

To PROF. VAUGHAN we will a bottle and a nipple laid aside by a newish, a toy drum, some A B C Blocks and a Grammar. We further wish him a brilliant career as an "are light" in society.

We leave to PROF. MILLS "a Slow Train through Arkansas"—a book of rare jokes; with this he cannot but win the favor of the newish mathematicians. We will that he may kill more birds next year and that he will never spit tobacco juice in his dog's eyes.

To PROF. LANNEAU: That he may put the higher mathematicians through "without the loss of one"; he may never see fit to "go into details."

We will to PROF. LAKE that his troubles may all come singularly, that he may keep the even "tenor" of his way and never cease to say "orse tis." Last, that he may ever stay on his ample water wagon.

To PROF. GULLEY: That he may for many years "give us the law." That he may steer clear of ditches or anything that might swerve him from his solonic way. Finally, that he may have more students who will "walk as fast as they can run" up the gully of success.

To PROF. CULLOM we leave an finged watch, that he may be able to tell when he is out of wind; that he may never cease to explain the easy passages of the Bible to the "claw hammers." Finally, we agree with him in wishing short (knee) pants to again become stylish.

To JOHNIE B. CARLYLE: That he may yet represent Wake County in the Legislature. That he will, when the time comes, be able to look an issue square in the face. Finally, that he may never again turn his back on the newish and that in some distant day he will carry out his dream of an alumni building.

We will that DR. ROYALL may never forget his trip abroad; that he may ever look saintly and not forget to put the Roman-nosed newish through on Greek.

To DR. SYKES we will that he may more closely resemble Ben Franklin as he grows older. That he may yet be the discoverer of the air ship. That he may smile with one face and be solemn with the other, and not forget to continue to invent new History, crack old jokes and lay special stress on Pater Familias. Finally, that he may give "quizes" every day and one the next.

To EATMAN we leave a nice volume of "Rock-a-bye Baby in the Tree Top," a tin horn, and a tuning fork. We further see fit to leave one book on "Dreams," also one on "How to Teach School"—without any effort.

To PROF. SLEDD we leave anything we can find on Shakespeare, Tennyson and Milton. We will less troubles with the "long ears," which causes him to say ugly things. Lest he fail in his effort to resemble "Willie," we leave a full set of whiskers. Finally, we hope he will yet produce a great many "beautiful" and "Exquisite" Poems. That he will never forget to manufacture tales of Uncle Remus and his son, Arthur.

To "DOC" RANKIN: That he will yet be the "Rankin" M.D. of the State and not forget to be a favorite among the fair sex. That he will always be prompt at his office, and that he'll forget to tank a fellow upon calomel for every ill. Finally, that he will fall in love and cease to be so "distant." In closing, we wish the "Doc" to invent any kind of worm he can.

We will to DR. GAINES a more pleasant air, a longing toward the fair sex, a pair of stilts and an old tennis racket. We further wish him to watch Dr. Rankin and learn the art of courtship.

To DR. PASCHAL we will a little pamphlet on "How to Get Married and Stay that Way," and one on "Dough-pin *versus* Husband." We also will him a new—"Turn on the lights" light system—and that he cease to pull his monstache lest he pull it out. Finally, that he will let all Freshmen "pass."

To DR. GORRELL we will that the faculty will excuse the German class from chapel—that the Dr. will not miss another recitation in six more years. Finally, that he will never cease to say "instance" and "Ich habe" been to Europe on a dollar and a half.

Junior Class

Officers

WALTER HERBERT WEATHERSPOON, President.

CLYDE JENKINS, Vice-President.

WOODIE LENNON, Secretary.

JESSE GARDNER, Treasurer.

OSCAR R. MANGUM, Historian.

MORTIMER E. FORREST, Poet


TOM N. HAYES, Prophet



Photo by Holladay, Duchau, N. C.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class History

T was Commencement day. The last long, weary examination was over. A deathlike stillness brooded over the class rooms, and the old dormitory looked like a huge castle, dark and haunted, with not a soul within. But not so with the campus. It was full of fairy-like forms—not often seen in this monastery—and in a moment the large Memorial Hall was filled with this sea of frills and ruffles. The Senior Class—battle-scarred and worn, veterans of many a fight—marched in with the air of conquerors. The Guardian Angel of the class looked down with a smile of satisfaction upon each member, giving him the coveted prize of his long pilgrimage, then, bowing to Old Father Time, she turned them out into the world—happy, with the crown of victory and duty done upon their brows. They had done well—but their leaving left a place vacant in college life which must be filled before the earth lays aside her mantle of green to wrap herself in autumn gold. Old Father Time, seeing this, gave a shrill call on his trumpet—but all was silence. Again he lifted his trumpet to his lips and gave a sweet note that rang far and wide, from—

“ Mitchell, the pride of the mountains,
To Hatteras, the dread of the sea.”

At this signal a fairy-like form floated into the Memorial Hall with a silver trumpet in her hand. Everything was silence. Some almost forgot to breathe—lost in wonder. She raised the trumpet to her lips, unfurled a pennant from a scroll and bound it to the coils of the trumpet with old gold and black ribbon, allowing it to float gently in the summer breeze. On this pennant of blue in letters of red were written:

“THE CLASS OF 1907.”

Then she spread her hands out over the class to give a parting benediction as she darted off like an arrow across the State, blowing as she went upon her trumpet; and wherever she stopped she encouraged the weary fighters not to give the battle over, telling them of the fresh recruits that had almost finished their drilling and would be upon the field in one short year.

Yes, in just one short year. We have nearly reached the top of the ladder—it seemed so far up once and the rounds so far apart that we had to stretch manfully to reach them. But of those first days we will speak hurriedly, for of those trials and hardships we wish to leave no legacy to futurity. It suffices to say that after the Sophomore Inquisition the remnant ceased to be “newish” and became “wise men” without their star, for we wandered in the night, and without their reward, for some of our class were excommunicated! *mirabile*

dictu) because of their nocturnal visits to the babes of the College with frankincense and myrrh (which being interpreted means blacking). But one day these lowering clouds rolled away and over the campus there brooded a calm. The Sophomore sun had faded away in the blackness of night to rise on a glorious Junior morn. With the Junior came many changes to Wake Forest. Dr. Taylor, the student's friend—the lover and the beloved—had laid aside the toga which had fitted him so well for so long. But this mantle did not lay long covered in dust from many a fray. A new president took it up, brushed off the dust and adjusted it to his massive build with matchless skill. He has brought new life into the old College. Every nerve now tingles with progress.

But you ask what about our personnel? Well our class, at first, was the largest up to that time of any in the history of the College. But some have been wounded by Cupid—yes, wounded with a wife—so they are not here; others have grown weary—the journey seemed too long for them; others have fallen by the wayside, stumbling over the rocks of Analytics and the stumps of Physics, and have been devoured by a greedy faculty; still others, for instance, our Rammie and Nannie have heard the "Call of the Wild" and have left us. Richardson, Baynes, Ford and Weathers have jumped "this bank and shoal of time" spurning the joys of Juniorsdom for the dignity of the realm of the Senior.

But as a consolation we still have with us Leonard, of newspaper fame. He has formed an "Associated Press" of his own, and just now has made a corner on news. He only reports for six dailies. Then close behind him is Hayes, the automatic "legger." Sikes you are next, a living example of "Gloomy Gus," who sees nothing but ruin and destruction before us. Then there is "Filly Bolus" who is always "pestered" if he has any work to do. Taylor and Vernon have been elected by the faculty, in recognition of their past services, as bearers of the Alabaster box, filled with sweet perfumery—commonly known as "funk"—to stir up newish meetings and make things lively in general, "Ho'se Fly" Hipps assisting. The rest of us are just ordinary fellows—perhaps deserving oblivion—and so I draw the curtain across the stage, shielding them from a questioning crowd.

Our history as students at Wake Forest is nearly completed. Old Father Time has stored away in his Archives two volumes all stained and blurred by the mistakes of a newish and Soph., and we are about to close the still fresh pages of the third forever to unclasp the unread volume of our fourth. What it shall reveal we know not. But we are beginning to dream of the time when it too shall be stored away, and we are sent out into the world to act the part of men, thereby showing our love for our Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class

Officers

WAITE C. HAMRICK, President.

CARL N. DUNN, Vice-President.

B. Y. TYNER, Secretary.

LEE WHITE, Treasurer.

BUFORD E. WILLIAMS, Historian.

HERMAN T. STEVENS, Poet

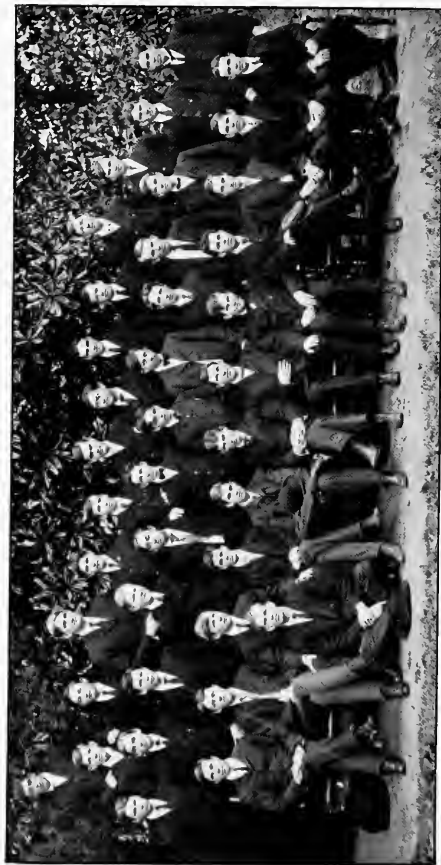


Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore History

"The heights of Sophomores reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while other classes slept,
Were washing off blacking in the night."

THE Fall of '04 was to mark the greatest epoch within the history of Wake Forest College.

It is true she had put forth great men within her history, but never had she so many *would-be great men* to enter into her old walls as this eventful fall was to bring. We came in great numbers from the mountains and seashore. In truth it seemed that some had come from Patigania and Lilliput, for we had all sizes from the towering and lofty Bunn to the low and warbling Dr. Murray. Never before had the faculty witnessed such an intelligent (?) group.

We were sure Prof. Gulley saw installed latened somewhere within some of us not only future judges, but Congressmen and Senators or probably a President. (?) *Who knows?* We soon felt at home, for scarcely had we left the station before one of the *future justices of the peace* proceeded to look up the school teacher and get him to keep a dollar and forty-three cents for him until he needed it; another wanted to room in the laboratory and board at the glee club.

We had everything coming our way—even that famous nocturnal club better known as Night Hawks, who left their "finger-prints on the face of newish" From their frequent visits we thought we were growing in popularity, but alas! if we had only known in time.

We had been here scarcely three weeks before the other classes began meeting and electing officers for the ensuing year, we began considering the matter seriously and some of the candidates for offices had Dr. Taylor to make the announcement in chapel—the walls rang with cheers so brave were the boys, that as soon as chapel was over we gave a yell for the class of '08.

In the afternoon the greater part of our now *distinguished* class filed into the Euzelian Society hall. Within about fifteen minutes we became seated, and that august assembly was called to order in September. *Demosthenes* Singleton, was elected chairman, and to his austere personage speeches were addressed that would make Henry and Burke blush in shame. The sun was near setting before we adjourned, as every man in the class was running for an office with the exception of seven, and they made the nominating speeches. The house remained in order (?) for five hours.

As we filed out of the hall, our faces wearing expressions of dignity and importance as though we had elected the President and his cabinet, were soon

changed to horror and dismay, for the rude Sophomores had nailed us in the room and the doors would not budge an inch. We returned to the hall for consultation and called on our newly-elected president, Weathers, for advice, but he could give us nothing but sympathy and words of encouragement.

It was here that Big Bunn was to show his superiority, as a leader of his class. We charged down the steps with a rush that would have done credit to any foot-ball eleven in America, but the doors only shuddered and remained firm. Bunn attacked a side door with his fist, giving blows that would have felled an ox, but still we were shut in. Then it was that he raised his "mighty foot" and brought it down with such force that the door was carried off of its hinges and landed half-way across the room. This was indeed a welcome sight for sticks, water and sand were coming in on all sides, but by grit and pluck we made our escape thinking to ourselves, went to a late supper.

But why talk of those dark and hazy days, we were not born Freshmen and it could not last but nine short months. In the fall of '05 we came back full-fledged Sophomores, determined not to let the mantles that had fallen on our shoulders trail in the dust. The *newbies* looked on us in awe at our stately carriage and felt our *black influences* at night as we *brushed* over them in significance.

We not only have shown ourselves superior to other classes as artists, but we have the best speakers in College; we are represented on the athletic field as base-ball, basket-ball and tennis players; while we have the best runners on the track team, and our men rank first in the boxing and fencing bouts.

Neither are we outclassed as ladies' men for we have the *warmest hitters* in College who never fail to show comity to all the young ladies on or visiting the hill. Some of our men rank high in this art at B. U. W., as one was so very highly entertained that he missed his train and took a *cross-tie ticket*, his heart was so light that he left Raleigh singing "Bless be the tie that binds."

We have shown ourselves up well in our text-books, realizing that we are laying our foundations here so that we may take our place in public life to advantage, such that shall reflect only honor on our old Alma Mater.

Though a few have fallen by the wayside, yet we have a large class who have entered into their work with a vim that shows we do not take our whole course in *campusology* and *depotistry*, have higher aspirations in life which we are determined to win.

As this year is about to close we shall all study hard for the coming examinations, and leave nothing left behind for next year, so that we may enter into that still more domineering class as full-fledged Juniors and sail on calmer seas into that lordly port of graduation.

FRESHMAN^{History} CLASS



Officers

CHARLES J. JACKSON, President.

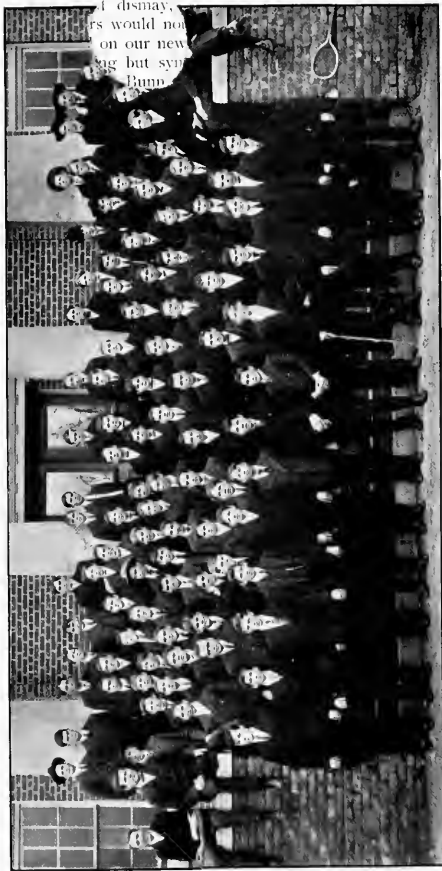
MARION A. LEE, Vice-President.

WALTER G. WHISNANT, Secretary.

WADE HAMPTON, Treasurer.

J. A. PATTERSON, Historian.


TOM M. DANIEL, Poet.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

Newish Class History

N the last of August, 1905, about the best looking set of newish that ever entered any college went into the chapel at Wake Forest College where the big organ stays. Everything was so strange to us, so many students, so many teachers that we were confused. We had heard that those beings that they call Sophs, had no mercy on a poor, little, innocent newish. After the little prayer-meeting which we had in the chapel was over we all came out in the yard and were very much humiliated by the Sophs' gleeful cry, "See the fresh newish." Then came the most trying time when we went into the class rooms to arrange our schedule. Some of us had a whole pillow-case full of books and slates. Some of us went in to see a man with red beard on his chin and specks on his nose, I believe they call him Prof. Sledd, and when one of them told him he had read nearly all of "Peter Parley's Travels" he grabbed him by the back of the neck and kicked him down the steps. This frightened us very much so we didn't have much to say to him.

The Freshman class has always been an imitator, and when we saw the other classes meet to elect their officers we thought we ought to do the same thing, so we met one night in Purefoy's turnip patch, about 135 strong, and elected our officers, but that was contrary to the constitution, so we had to meet in the society hall. Jackson presides over our meetings, and as Limerick wanted to hold the boy he was elected treasurer. About that time we were interrupted by a new odor, peculiar to us, but soon we learned that it was the Sophomores cologne. We made for the door and found the Oldish up in the library with buckets of water, and when we started out they nearly drowned some of us.

All the newish from Big Tilley to Little Gary are anxious for fame, and we will notice some of the most famous members of the class. South Carolina Cone is noted for having a voice that is crossed between the braying of a donkey and the creaking of a cone mill. Outlaw is an ideal newish—he got blacked three times in one night. Daly is noted for getting in the clouds with his oratory, one of his favorite remarks is "As black as the drop of ink that fell from the denouncing angel's pen." Livermore was up before the faculty for studying too hard. Bird, the fantastic basket-ball player, is noted for singing for Prof. Sledd. Limerick has settled the question as to the fastest runner since he made it across the campus one night in 1.20. "Vip" is a fine speaker; he won a medal at a high school. Benton has a forty-eight cent sweater and is playing for sub-second base on the scrub team. We all wish him much success in obtaining this place of honor. Medford and Bynum have formed a boring monopoly. Ed White is the dead game sport of the class. All the girls love him and he is expected to trot in double harness soon. Caldwell is trying to get the honor committee

to dismiss the blacking crew for using iodine instead of polish on his face. Lonnie Dunn has the "rep" of riding a mule nobody was able to ride before him, and this is the way he did it. The mule worked well in shafts and when Lonnie got on him his feet stuck out in front of the mule so far that he thought he was in shafts.

We like the faculty tolerably well, but they wont take our advice on a thing. They even get off by themselves in the small room in the front of the building where the bell stays and they stay there for some time and wont let us come in. We think Dr. Tom is the best man in the faculty for he tells us about Shakespeare and other great writers and is the sheltering rock for the newish class.

We have been treated very badly by the oldish this year. They don't know how to black a fellow anyway for they get it in his hair and eyes, and we have all tried and no one can keep step with that abominable newish whistle.

Anniversary was a good time for us, and of course we took charge of things and gave everybody a good time, especially the B. U. W. girls, and we invite them back at any time.

We mean to do great things in years to come, for a class composed of such as we are can hope to accomplish wonders. We all hope to enter on our Sophomorical duties next year and perform our tasks better than the present gang of Sophomores, and then when we have performed those duties rightly we hope to pass on safely to our Junior stage, and finally, in 1900, we will be a model Senior class, one which all future generations will look on with pride and say they reflect credit on their Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.

Newish Poem

We're a band of "newish,"
Now just nine months old,
This year we're mighty timid,
But next, my, we'll be bold,

One of our brothers at Christmas,
Went with bachelor life;
Grew tired of sewing on buttons,
And took unto himself a wife,

We all joined in a serenade,
But the couple we failed to see;
Lo! we found next morning
That he'd left old W. F. C.,

The Sophs with their ghostly noise
Keep us scared to death;
Back under the bed in the corner,
We tremble and hold our breath.

The atmosphere in our rooms
Sometimes make us guess;
Then we find a little bottle,
They say it's H.S.,

The Sophomores' famous concoction,
Applied with their usual grace (?)
Makes us think when they're finished
We belong to the African race.

We all aspire to be Seniors,
But I doubt that some of us will,
For a "Newish" to be a Senior
Must climb a very steep hill.

We smile when we think of Commencement,
And our "Newish" days passing by,
When we and the next year "Newish"
"Shall meet in the sweet bye-and-bye."

LAW CLASS



PREPARING FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR

Officers

JOHN HENRY VERNON, President.
JOHN M. PICOT, Vice-President.
E. M. HAIRFIELD, Secretary.
JOHN G. ANDERSON, Treasurer.
MARION F. HACHER, Historian.
JAMES F. GREASON, Poet.
BEN. T. HOLDING, Prophet.



LAW CLASS

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

Law Class History

TO write the history of the Law Class of 1906, to tell of its toils and struggles, its defeats, its victories, were no easy task: for to be skilled in the vivid portrayal *in detail* of past events, one must be an historian, not alone by class election, but by nature. Hence, if incidents or events marking an epoch in the class-history be omitted, it must be attributed to the lack of that kind of memory that "gathers all and retains all."

Entering with high ideals and an inordinate desire to delve into the mysteries of the Law, almost the first thing we learned was, that "Law, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies a rule of action; and is applied indiscriminately to *all kinds* of action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational," voluntary or *involuntary*. Soon we were given an object lesson and a most realistic interpretation of this primary definition of the Law.

The nights were filled with noises, weird and strange. In our dreams we saw foreboding spectres. But when the "Night Hawk Club" finally made its appearance, we learned that of all the different kinds of action, *involuntary* was *our* lot.

The period of initiation and nervous expectancy past, we began to get acquainted with each other, and soon discovered that we were a most remarkable (?) class. For be it known, by no chance or freak of Fate were any of *us* induced to begin the study of the greatest of all the sciences. 'Twas Destiny! For by nature, *we* were lawyers. Hence the facility (?) with which we, one and all, untaught and explained in detail the most difficult propositions of law and placed thereupon construction most entertaining and bewildering, because entirely new.

We soon organized a Moot Court and were enthusiastic in its support: for here was a means afforded us of utilizing and displaying our recently acquired knowledge, and impressing the world about us with our forensic eloquence (?). Indeed in conducting the *important* trials before this tribunal we oftentimes felt that we were lawyers indeed.

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to us,
Like instincts unawares."

Daily we scanned decisions of the Supreme Court, as given out by the papers of the land, to see which of our learned (?) advocates had been quoted in the construction of some proposition of law, or how some decision of our astute Judge had been confirmed in all its fullness.

And now our field of labor broadened. Realizing, as a class, that we were but preparing

"The applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read our history in a nation's eyes,"

we were no longer content with our daily routine work, learning definitions and principles of law in our text-books, but began, each for himself, independent research.

It became one of our favorite recreations to trace out the law to its very origin, and that found, to follow the stream as, augmented by human wisdom, and sometimes human folly, it has come to us through the various nations and tribes of men bearing in its channels the accumulations of all the ages.

Back through the mists of English history we traced the Common Law, and then with Blackstone revelled in the intricacies of the land tenures of the Feudal system.

And how elated we were, when, having discovered some new (?) principle, we were given opportunity to display our knowledge through the familiar "Mr. Holding, give us the law."

In the vast complications of human affairs, requiring new applications of old principles continually to be made; in the measureless range of human thought, bringing new doctrines out of the mass of old and new events; in the immense fields of human explorations, hitherto with the light of every species of science; in the unlimited expansion of human society, developing new aspects, new relations and new wants, we read the truth, that whenever a matter comes before the courts, it is a call for a new enunciation of legal doctrines, and hence realizing the *tremendous* responsibility (?) that would ere long rest upon us, without exception, we began to gather precedents from the past and formulate rules to guide us and the various courts of the land in the future.

The last year of our student life began, and with it "A change came o'er the spirit of our dream."

"Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,

And coming events cast their shadows before,

That final and dreaded test of all our work (Supreme Court) lay just ahead. Truly

"Imagination frames events unknown,

In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin."

Fortunate were those of us who had crossed this Bridge of Sighs, for we could truly comfort, and, to some extent, advise,

This dreaded ordeal past, in the consciousness of duty well done, we are sure that we can say, "All—all of us are lawyers." And yet we would not forget that maxim of our lecture room, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof—is not what he thought it would be."

Would you like to know of our personnel? There are so many of us in this, the largest class in the history of Wake Forest, 'twould be tempting your patience, I fear, should I mention all. Let's see. There's Holding, by nature a contradiction. He always takes the *other side*. And Picot (Sir Edward Coke)! Long will we remember his legal maxims and the "Tragedy of the Law." And Pait, original, inimitable Pait, the wag of the class! Where is the Court or jury that will not be captured by his irrepressible, spontaneous wit and humor? And Timberlake—our astute Judge—his charges to the jury linger with us, his applications of the Common Law will not be forgotten. And Vernon, "The Philosopher of Tammany!" A living illustration, that of a truth "Man never is, but always to be blest!" "His memory will linger with us. And "Reddy" Spence! An ardent disciple of the Fabian policy, who knows and appreciates the value of an objection. And Colson—

the versatile and eloquent one—the inimitable story teller! Long will we remember the pleasant hours we have been entertained by his reminiscences. Last comes Davis—the genial one—the one with the *many friends*. He is the sweet singer of the class. As for the rest of us, we are content to be—just lawyers.

Soon another change will come, as it has been before, and as it will be in the future. In fact, *change* seems to be the order of the day and of our lives; change in thought and feeling, change in mind and manner, change in practice and procedure; but after all, one thing we know, the great principles of the law, the eternal truths on which we rest for the protection of human rights and the redress of human wrongs, are as unchangeable and enduring as the eternal twinkling of the stars.

"My task is done, my theme has died into an echo." There but remains "Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—

A sound which makes us linger; yet— farewell!"

HISTORIAN.

Law Class Poem

Hail Blackstone One! the rights of man;

His liberty foresee;

Not freedom unrestrained is best;

Man wisely checked is free.

Hail Blackstone Two! the rights of things,

Their blessings to enjoy;

All of the world to man is given,

But rules of law employ.

Hail Blackstone Three! of private wrongs:

A right to live prevails;

Hence, civil justice from the strong,

To make this right infrail.

Hail Blackstone Four! of public wrongs,

A crime foresees no flaw;

'No thief e'er felt the halter's weight

Who's friendly with the law.'

MEDICAL CLASS



Officers

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, President.

RICHARD E. TIMBERLAKE, Vice-President.

HAL P. HARRIS, Secretary.

JOHN E. RAY, Treasurer.

ROBERT H. FREEMAN, Historian.

E. L. MORGAN, Poet.



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C. MEDICAL CLASS

History of Medical Class

IF the first time in its history the Wake Forest Medical Class began the session of 1905-'06 with Dr. Rankin at its head. It is needless to say, we were all delighted at the rapid advancement of one so well deserving, but at the same time it was with a feeling of regret we remembered that the familiar form of Dr. Cooke, with his cheery "Good morning, gentlemen," would no longer be seen or heard in the class-room or dissecting hall, where we had learned to like him so well.

So with Dr. Rankin at the helm, assisted by Dr. Gaines, the "Meds," sixteen in number, drew in the anchor and set sail to either make or break history, and break it they did, for if they made any they had no time to preserve it, as the historian has been able to find; but then, some account must be given of how the time has been spent, which the historian will proceed to do as best he remembers.

All started out with countenances bright and with vivid imaginations of the time we would have in the upper story of the new building, which was to be ready to receive us by Christmas, and from which place we could look down upon the whole town.

But we four who were back from "The Onliest" Class in College" of last year, knew from experience that there was no time to lose, so we went to work growing and cultivating a crop of bacteria in the little bacteriological room, situated between the two chemical laboratories, where we were in everybody's way and in the way of ourselves most of all; in fact, such a minimum amount of space was allowed each one that our germs, though only a few microscus in size, could always be found growing on the top of each other. We were not content, however, with simply cultivating organisms grown and named by others, but to Mr. Timberlake, the noted Histologist of last year's class, is due the credit of getting out a new one, viz., The boullus Timberlake.

While we were busy "playing" with the different bacteria, as Dr. Brewer would term it, the new men were making themselves familiar with the cracks and crevices and other unexplored regions of bones. And in this manner the first two and one-half months passed, with an occasional unexpected quiz—to remind us of what was to come later, then we held up for a few days rest—though much against the wish of our Pilot—in order to see Mr. Roosevelt and meet our fair friends on the pike. But these few days passed all too quickly, and when we came back, in order to be as sociable and give us as warm a reception as possible, the doors of the dissecting hall were thrown open, and we were invited in to be entertained, each by his allotted cadaver. A glance bespoke great improvement, and a knowledge of the rules meant a greet, but not a very welcome change from those of last year, for the not very pleasant odor of the dead was not to be exchanged for that of a delicious cheroot, as Dr. Rankin would perhaps describe it.

So with a few sniffs and frowns and expressions of "I can't touch 'em" from some of the new men, dissecting was begun with the *emphasized* instructions from Dr. Gaines to "follow your Barker." Only a few strokes had been made, however, when Mr. Martin, perhaps prompted by some inspiration from within, exclaimed, "Boys, I am a *born* surgeon," and so interested did he become over this new revelation that he forgot there was such a guide as Barker, and with a few more heavy strokes of his scalpel he laid muscles, nerves

and blood vessels open to the bone, and of course this caused Dr. Gaines to exclaim, "Is that what Barker said do?" And it was just such dextrous strokes as these that placed Mr. Martin in the exalted position of chief surgeon.

This same Dr. Martin is the one that got out the formula for the latest preserving fluid, known as "Martin's Water," and is guaranteed to be equal to if not superior to the fluids and spices used by the Egyptians of old.

But we soon became aware that Mr. Martin wasn't the only would-be genius in the class, for ere long Mr. Harris was found trying to prove Grey erroneous, and said that nerves emptied into lymph glands.

When the examinations for the fall term were on, of course everybody passed in a walk; but to the credit of last year's class, of which some of us were members, it can be said that no preceding class or the one following it has come up to the standard which that class as a whole, set. Examinations being over, everybody made ready to spend the holidays in the most pleasant ways possible, but they seemed hardly begun when ended, and before the first week of the new year had gone, all were back ready to begin work with a new zeal. This most festive occasion, however, brought us no Christmas gifts, and not even the new building was ready to receive us, so to the class of 1906-'07 will fall the honor of christening it.

For the first few weeks after Christmas, things ran rather smoothly, except for an occasional reprimand from Dr. Gaines to some one who had been so thoughtless as to transgress the law as laid down by the immortal Barker.

But after awhile Anniversary came along and everybody prepared to enjoy to the utmost the companionship of the fair one who chanced to be coming upon them. When this joyful occasion had passed it seemed harder than ever to get to work, and when Friday morning's quiz came around, Patterson, known from his dignified posture as "King Canute," wasn't the only one to "*fergit*."

But after so long a time things fell into their old routine of work and passed uninterrupted until mid-term examinations, except for the absence of John Ray from class one morning, but on inquiry it was learned that he had been up nearly all the night before trying to wash the night hawks sign off his face.

Mid-terms were passed successfully, but good-bye books, for those that escape the clutches of the spring fever will be captured by base-ball, and there is some report that Dr. Gaines has been overtaken by the latter already. But it is impossible to forget that a period of reckoning is coming, for the unexpected quizzes constantly remind us that "there will come a time."

The historian will not attempt to prognosticate the mis-fortunes and successes that await each member of this memorable class, for none other than the eye of a prophet could be so far-reaching; but it is without a question that the mortality of the people, and especially the colored race, around Wake Forest has been decreased many fold, and in the words of one of their number, "Its all because of dem young doctors, kase de niggers is skeered ter die." Now if simply their presence in a community can work such a change, is it any wonder that it will take a person with a vision of the future to tell what thira tarish and a prescription from them might do. Undoubtedly better times and longer lives await those who may be so fortunate as to witness the enrollment of these men as M. D's.

HISTORIAN.

The College Bell

The College bell
Knows very well
His mighty sway
One can't gainsay.
From Freshman fair
With greenish hair,
To Sophomores
With mighty chores,
From Juniors brave
With faces grave,
To Seniors stern
With naught to learn,
For each and all
Obey its call.

From out the tower
The rising hour
Float mellow tones
To lazy bones,
For well it seems
To break his dreams
Of lessons learned,
Of others spurned,
Get out of bed,
You sleepy head,
And out he goes
Before he knows—
For it's the way
That all obey.

Oh, hear the chime
Which tells the time
When classes meet
Near wisdom's feet,
To note the stars,
Or planet Mars,
To get the sine
With tangent line,
To see how pat
Is every fat,
To cut a worm
Without a squirm,
Or study mounds
Of varied kinds

Now comes the peal
For noon-tide's meal,
When students rush
To swallow mush,
To taste with care
The turkey RARE.
To eat a FEW
Of Brunswick stew.
To chew with speed
The "grits" they need.
To quickly down
The biscuits brown,
Or slowly take
The angel cake.

The night is dark
Save for each spark
That glitters high
In yonder sky.
But list, the bell
Whose notes compel
Each boy and man,
With horn and pan,
To make resound
The very ground
For laurels won
By honored son,
Or victory gained
By muscles strained.

Let woods rebound
Each mighty sound
Of hearty cheers
To future years.
For honor's due
To monarch true,
Though strict his rule,
And hard his school,
He notes the ways
Where knowledge stays,
So we should sing
While echoes ring,
And give a yell
To College bell.

JUDSON DUNBAR IVES.



To Euzelia

The stately mien, the calm, imperious brow,
The regal glance of eye, whose holy fire
Would kindle in the soul a long desire
For all that lovely is: and would endow
The mind with strength — with purpose to aspire
To all that truth can teach, or God require.—
These charms are thine, Euzelia. Ere now
Thy sons have loved thy name. Nor has the vow
Which bound them to thy long-revered shrine
Been lightly held. Nor shall it ever be,
So long as aught remains men call divine,
And Truth shall teach man's spirit to be free,
The torch that thou dost bear shall shine
Forever in the hearts that reverence thee.



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

EUZELIAN SOCIETY.



ETZELIAN SOCIETY HALL.

To Philomathesia

Winged bearer of the laurel-wreathed crown,
Whose native realm is that truth-centered sphere,
Where high resolve doth move untouched by fear,
Or aught that fetters faith, or drags hope down
To depths abysmal: whose unminded renown
With changeful ages shall unchanged appear
Till all be finished: fain would we revere
For aye thy hallowed shrine. And with thy favor
To own the gift we bring? For unskilled hands
Essay to pluck from bold Parnassus' brow
This wreath for thee,—If so thy frown still stands
As sacred as thy smile. And e'er, as now,
Yielding obedience to thy just demands,
These hearts, with thee, shall keep each plighted vow.



PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.



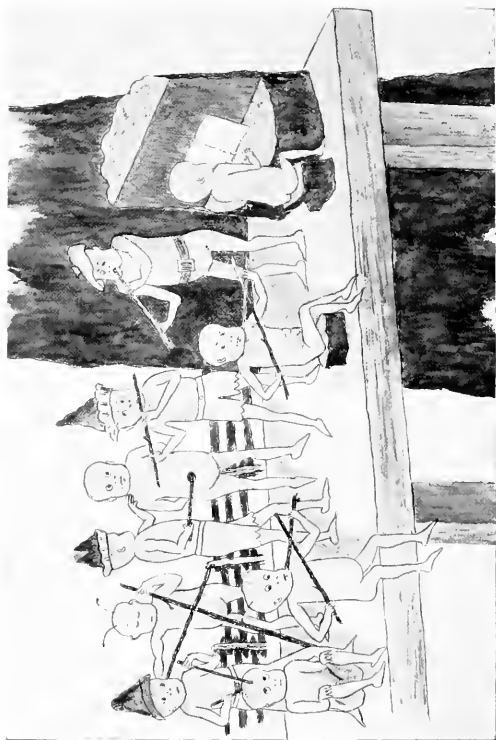
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY HALL.



CAMPUS SCENES.

Who Can Tell

- Why John Ivey stopped pulling bullets?
When Dr. Gorrell will cut a class?
What persuaded Dr. Paschal?
To Sawyer's satisfaction why he got blacked?
White some method for straightening legs?
"B. U. W." when answering invitations on souvenir cards came in style?
What reason the boys have for thinking that Tom C. is from Campobello?
What "Sug" Hamerick exchanges jiggs for?
Who will be the next to desert the "Bach Professors"?
Why Elliott didn't want to wear his basket ball suit in Spartanburg?
When all the members of the faculty will be required to wear longer trousers?
Why Richardson loves the "Old Gold"?
When "Reddy" Spence is soliloquizing?
Kid Jenkins a new way for beating?
Which one wears "them" C. P. or B. T.?
Why Dr. Rankin asked him to "sing it again"?
Why "Rich" gave the boy fifty cents in Sanford?
Why Greason didn't wear a dress suit at the Senior reception?
Why some of the editors of THE HOWLER deserted?



Glee Club and Orchestra

PROF. DARIUS EATMAN
JOHN IVEY SMITH.

Director.
Business Manager.

Glee Club

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Leader.

1st Tenor

M. L. DAVIS.
E. B. EARNSHAW.
O. P. RICHARDSON.
E. E. WHITE.

2nd Tenor

J. M. ADAMS.
W. L. CURTIS.
D. EATMAN.
J. E. RAY, JR.
C. R. SMITH.

1st Bass

S. W. BAGLEY.
W. LENNON.
H. M. POTEAT.
L. M. POWELL.
P. STRINGFIELD.

2nd Bass

T. A. LYON.
B. L. POWERS.
W. H. WEATHERSPOON.
L. M. WHITE.

Orchestra

HUBERT M. POTEAT, Leader.

H. M. POTEAT	First Violin.
A. L. JENKINS.....	First Violin.
M. L. DAVIS.....	Second Violin.
W. LENNON.....	Flute.
P. STRINGFIELD.....	First Cornet.
W. L. CURTIS.....	Second Cornet.
S. W. BAGLEY.....	Trombone.
J. E. RAY, JR.	Bass Viol.
B. L. POWERS.....	Drums.
D. EATMAN	Piano.

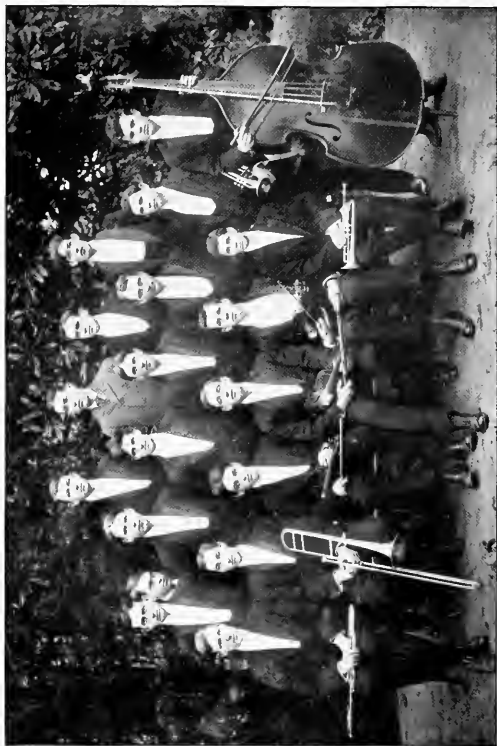


Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C. GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA.

To a Certain Corn-cob Pipe

Old comrade of my joys and woes,
Old chum thro' life's vicissitudes,
Old ally 'gainst my chiefest foes,
And dreamer with my changing moods,
What fairy castles dost thou build
As nook and cranny thou dost fill!
Thou art not lifeless—as men say—
Thou art not unregenerate clay,
Thou art methinks my better self,
Or else some ever-cunning elf,
Whose breath dispels the deepest gloom
Within the sanctum of my room.

Come, comrade, from the sombre wall,
A match a scratch can change it all;
And like a vision in a trice
We'll scale the walls of Paradise.

CHAS. P. WEAVER



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

Coming Back from Tea

A Newish's Soliloquy

(To "Crossing the Bar" with apology.)

Sunset and evening star;
And supper-time for me!
And may all Sophs be gone afar
When I come back from tea.

For such a time as rumor says they're in,
Too tired for mischief brewing,
They spring from out each shady nook, and then—
There's something doing.

Twilight and supper bell,
And after that the dark!
And would that some kind power would tell
Where Sophs enlurk!

But though from out my homeward course, in haste
These imps may bear me far,
I hope to get back safe at last
Although I'm black as tar.



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C. ANNIVERSARY OFFICERS.

HOLDING.	WEATHERSPOON, J.	JACKSON.	ASHCRAFT.	WEATHERSPOON, H.
SIKES.				POTEAT.
				PARKER.







CROZIER.



ATHLETIC OFFICERS.

RICHARDSON (Pres.)

DUNN, (Mgr.)

TURNER, J. (Sec-

LYON (V.-Pres.)



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

BALL TEAM (1907).

WIGGS (Mgr.).
GOODWYN (C, field).
HOLDING (R, field).

CROZIER (Coach).
WALKER (Sec. base).
TURNER, E. (Pitcher).

RICHARDSON (L, field). TURNER, J. (F, base).
SMITH (3d base). EDWARDS (Pitcher).
COUCH (Pitcher). TOWNSEND (S, stop).

McGHEE (Asst. Mgr.).
HAMERICK (Catcher).

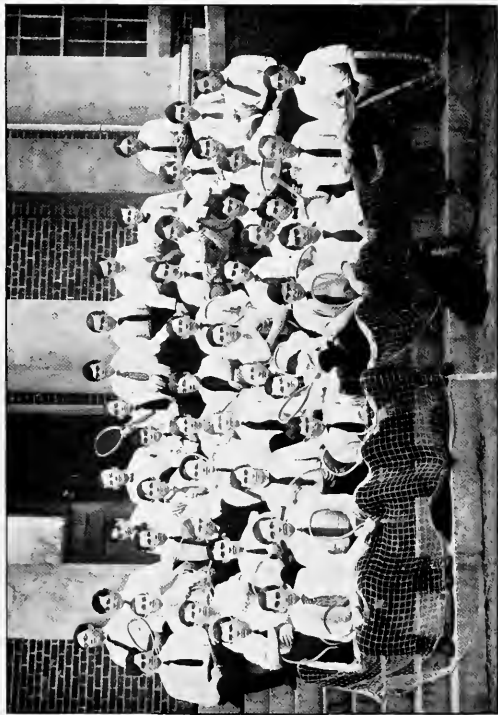
Baseball

WE do not know the wild, almost insane enthusiasm engendered by a victorious foot-ball team, because we do not have the game. But we do know the enthusiasm that makes us carry on our shoulders a man who saves a base-ball game by a sensational play or wins it by a dexterous stroke with the willow. This is the chief sport in which our enthusiasm and feeling finds vent. Perhaps this is why our college spirit soars so high in the spring-time and makes the man on the ball team feel that he has a friend in every man in College. In this lies the secret that makes the men work so hard. They know that the student-body is with them when they are trying at their hardest, even if they are losing.

The team at the beginning of the season last year was hardly a shadow of a hope, but under the direction of Mr. J. Richard Crozier, our popular and efficient coach, this semblance of a hope began to grow in substance. "Mose" Goodwyn in center field, according to the Charlotte Observer, soon learned to outrun "Giants"; "Cap" Smith on third showed from the first that he was going to pull 'em down and drive 'em out, too; Jim Turner at short and "Goat" Walker at second had always been fast; "Ope" Richardson, through a hard luck streak, was soon out of the game, but "Coach" Morgan took the left garden and anybody we could get was in the opposite one. In "Lazy" Hamrick, a beardless youth of sixteen, we had a back-stop whose peer is yet to be found in the Tar Heel State. In "Slickum" Edwards and "Cotton-top" Turner we had a mighty pitching force. "Darleen" Couch and "Knatty" Townsend were our utility men. If you saw Couch in the Easter game with Furman in Charlotte that is enough said for him. "Knatty" Townsend wasn't quite as good as he tried to be. "Fatty" Holding began the season as our first baseman, and a jollier fellow never covered that bag. After the first few games "Fatty" was laid off with a bad hand, but everywhere the team went he was the life of the crowd. If a game was lost it was soon forgotten in listening to his merry laugh and display of native wit.

With the above-named bunch we made a record that was good, considering the pure, unadulterated, unprecedented streak of old-fashioned "hard luck" that hung over us nearly the whole season like a pall, and manifested itself in a hundred different ways, the worst of which was Richardson's sickness, which deprived the team of his excellent fielding and hitting, after the first game or two. But would you believe it, ye gods of ancient Greece and Rome, we took from Trinity's "greatest ever" southpaw, "the King of the Southern D'amond," his farewell college game. Horrors!

As this goes to press we predict a successful season for Wake Forest in the national game. The pitching staff is almost new, but most of last year's team are back and with a few new men and "Dick" Crozier's training we are satisfied that the results will be pleasing. At any rate we are sure that the team will play all its games with the old Wake Forest spirit, which never gives up until the last man is out in the last inning.



TENNIS CLUB.

Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.



Photo by Holladay.

CHAMPIONS.

EARNSHAW.

POTEAT.

WHITE.

Tennis

THERE has been more interest in tennis this session than ever before, and indications point to the fact that this great game will continue in popularity every year at Wake Forest. In the fall of the year tennis is especially in evidence. Foot-ball we have not and so the tennis court furnishes practically the only form of out-door amusement for the athletically-inclined. The interest does not entirely die out in the spring when base-ball is the attraction. Last fall a tournament, which proved to be very interesting, was held on the courts at the ball ground. For the doubles about ten or twelve couples entered and these were gradually narrowed down until in the finals Messrs. L. M. White and E. A. Turner faced Messrs. E. B. Earnshaw and H. M. Poteat. The latter pair won after a hard-fought contest. The singles tournament began with about twenty-five entries and was even more interesting than the doubles. The best playing was done by Messrs. White, Earnshaw, Poteat, Jackson, Turner and Dr. Paschal. In the finals the winners of the doubles faced one another—Earnshaw and Poteat. The first set was the most hotly-contested of the match, going finally to Poteat by a score of 8 to 6, 6-2, 6-2, were the scores of the second and third sets, both of which were won by Poteat along with the championship.

The tennis team, composed of Messrs. White, Poteat and Earnshaw, met with uniform success in inter-collegiate matches. Messrs. Earnshaw and Poteat won from Guilford by a score of three sets to one, and Messrs. Earnshaw and White, in a second trip, defeated Trinity by a score of three sets to nothing, and Guilford by the same score.

Let us hope for a steady increase in interest in tennis in the future and for continued success *domi militiacque*.





Track Team

Members

ELLIOTT,
BROWN, A. M.
ZOLICOFFER,
DUNCAN,
ARNETTE,
HAMRICK, F.
JENKINS, C.

MEEKINS,
LESTER,
TURNER, E.
Mc MILLAN,
WHITE,
WHISNANT,
HOFFMAN.



Photo by Hallinan.

BEVERLY.

WARD,
COUCH, (Captain).

CROZIER (Coach).

ELLIOTT, K.

TUNER, J.

GORE, E.
KEITH, B. F. (Manager).

The Truth

"A still small voice."—*Cone*.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."—*Outlaw*.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."—*Higgs*.

"Extremes in Nature."—*Gary and Gulley*.

"Pygmies are pygmies still."—*Daniel*.

"Then he will talk—ye gods, how he will talk."—*Taylor*.

"The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."—*Turner, J.*

"'Tis an unweeded garden that grows to seed."—*Foot*.

"Love! his affections do that way tend."—*Ferrell*.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Syler*.

"She came adorned hither like sweet May."—*Anniversary Girl*.

"I have seen more days than thou."—*Sigmon*.

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

"To what base use we may return."—*Dr. Rankin's Stiffs*.

"The roughest berry on the rudest hedge."

"I am sure care's an enmity to life."—*Spence*.

"When I said that I would die a bachelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married."—*Dr. Paschall*.

"Like the old man who prayed, good Lord, good devil; because he knew not into whose hands he might fall."—*Sol.* Ray.

"I cannot eat but little meate my stomach is not good."—*Bryan, P. Q.*



Gimlet Club

"They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Sherman with all his army was not dreaded like one of these."

OBJECT: To bore everything in sight.

MATERIAL: Just enough stale wit to upturn the stomach;
just enough brag to grate on the nerve.

BUSINESS HOURS: Both day and night.

JENKINS, A. L.—"I, the sole unbusy thing."

THE DOCKERYS.—It is not trousers they're wearing out, but other people's lives.

DANIEL.—Just big enough to bore.

BROWN, F. F.—Opinion spouter.

CURTIS, W.—"Our friends do admire our procrastinatic dispositions."

CHEEK.—Were the stars gimlet holes, he were a carpenter in his day.

WOOD.—Were his ability to bore an anger-hit—Golly, what a hole!

MANGUM.—"Our friends are kind and enjoy good company."

BIRD.—Course completed in four months.

OTHER MEMBERS:

HAMRICK, F.

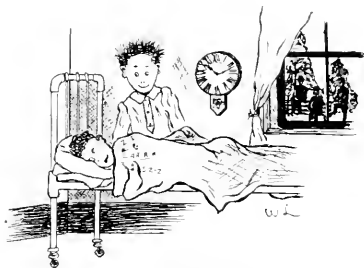
FOOTE.

FURMAN.

MEDFORD.

BELL.

ZOLLICOFFER.



"Sleep and the world sleeps with you,
 Snore and you sleep alone."

The Sons of Morpheus

SMITH, C. R.—"Be sure they sleep not whom God needs."

DUNN, C.—"Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain, 'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'"

WILLIAMS,—*"Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of woe; But 'tis the happy who have called thee so."*

HAMERICK, W. C.—*"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy heart!"*

High School Philosophers

(Trying to Elevate the Human Race.)

Mission in College: To advise the Faculty.

Only Regret: That there ain't some more like us in these regions.

Mangum: "O Plato, thou reasonest well."

Stephens: "Would that Prof. Campbell was here."

Husheth: Inventor of liquid air and perpetual motion.

Weatherspoon, W. H.: "I was indeed a 'speakin' institution' when I graduated at Cary High School."

Stringfield: Head at Mars Hill, but tail at Wake Forest.

Curtis, K.: "No, no, Professor, it wasn't that way at Buie's Creek."

Taylor: Shakespeare's "Evangeline" and Silas Marner's "Woodstock" are two of the finest poems in the English language.

Jones, J. C.: Since leaving Bethel Hill the depth of my cerebral convolutions seems to have decreased.

Realization: I never would have thought it, but some of these boys know about as much as we do.

Midnight Matrimonial Orchestra

Favorite Saying: "Happily Tooting."

Object: To create nuisance and divorce suits.

Time of Meeting: When all else is at peace.

Motto: Like Orpheus' Flute, we move the trees and
draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

Poteat: Cider funnel soloist.

Johnson, W. M.: Chief sawer of the grease gourd.

Ashcraft: High lord beater of the wash-pan.

Turner, E.: Deafening rapper of the circular saw.

Brewer: Plow-point manipulator with "skin crawling effects."

Jenkins, H.: Bath-tub "swatter" with cow-bell accompaniment.

Ward: Pop-gun toter.

Ives: Tooter of the swinette.

Edwards: Grinder of the sand-paper.

GRUB-BELL QUARTETTE:

Turner, J. Leonard, "Sol" Ray, Powers, J.

INSTRUCTORS IN EXPRESSION AND BARBER-SHOP MINORS:

Forrest, Bland, Weatherspoon, J. Baucum.

Professor Gorrell: Compliment recorder (danger of losing his job).

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?"

Long Legged Cohort

("Elongated Ambulating Continuations.")

Object of Organization: To raise the price of trousers.

Occupation: (Legging material): Keeping the Professor
of Astronomy posted.

Amusement: Stepping over houses and straddling o' pine trees.

Chief Diet: Bean poles.

Gore: Free from atmospheric pressure.

Brown, G.: Center pole in a circus tent.

Whitly: Too high to catch cold.

Nanney: Weather prophet.

Tyner: Phi Society step-ladder.

McMillan, L.: Wireless telegram receiver.

Kurfess: Space annihilator.

McKinney: Free from taxation.

Gulley, D.: Painter of the rain-bow.

SUBSTITUTES:

Powers, J.	{	For use only in bad weather	{	Zollicoffer.
Jenkins, C.		and extensive astronmi-		Bunn.
Poe.		cal disturbances.		Hearn.

SYMPATHIZERS:

Kendrick,	"Cone."
Bland.	Ivey.
Taylor.	Brown, C. C.
"Doc" Murry.	Redfearn.

FRATERS IN FACULTATE:

Sledd.	Royall.	Gaines.
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In Memoriam

Night Hawk Clan

Died February 9th
1906

On earth ye served us faithfully and well
Thy aid to "Home Missions" no one can tell



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

Lazy Club

Mission in Life: To Occupy Space.

Wiggs: "Breath, you may come or you may go; I'm not going to draw you any more."

Hamrick, W. C.: Actually caught existing. Who'd a' thought it?

Smith, "Cap.": Shakespeare says "Energy should neither be created nor destroyed," and I really believe it.

Our Lyin' Crowd

Motto: "That a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth."

Requirement: "Long Memories."

Patron Saint: Baron Munchausen.

Caldwell: "It comes as natural to him as kicking to a young ass."

Richardson: It has been said that his tongue is coated with lye.

Goodwyn: "Let me tell you about my hitting in Monroe last summer."

Wiggs: The second edition of Arabian Nights.

Dunn, C.: "Did I ever tell you about my trip to Europe last summer?"

Taylor: A liar of the first water.

Sikes, O.: "When the time comes to lie my conscience steps aside."

Frater in Rure: Needham Mangum.

Frater in Facultate: Professor Sledd.

Anti-Calico Club

"I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I like you not."

Speas: A "Stag" I would be till I die.

Hamrick, W. C.: I have ceased my love affairs since Pigeons are flying
so high.

Johnson: Too much laboratory.

Edwards: "My tongue could never learn sweet, smoothey words."

Baynes: "To be wise and love, exceeds man's might.

OLD STAND-BYS IN CASE OF NECESSITY:

Goodwin.	Old "Stee."
Ward.	Hayes.
McMillan.	Hines.
Couch.	Kendrick.

"Some say Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods;
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds."

The Similes

Motto. "Birds of a feather will flock together.

SONG:

In come the animals two by two,
The big Giraffe and the Kangaroo.

Favorite Literature: "Tom and Jerry."

Dockery, H. C.)	To us the difference plain,
Dockery, W. E.)	To others we are the same.
Gully, D.)	The Law and the Gospel.
Gully, F.)	
Bunn,)	Two little girls in blue.
Tilly,)	
Elliott,)	Strength and beauty combined.
Cohon,)	
Powers, A. K.)	The theory of evolution no longer a problem.
(See frog-pond.))	
Holding, B. F.)	'Fessor, you got us mixed.
Holding, C. P.)	
McBrayer,)	Old boy, I'm layin' to you.
Bazemore,)	
Spaulding,)	The Gold-dust twins.
Williams,)	
Baird Barnes,)	I'al, we are two of a kind.
Rufus Ford,)	
Outlaw,)	Divided we stand, united we fall.
Justice,)	
Newell,)	Hyenas are extinct.
(Wanting,))	

SIMILE IN FACULTATE:

Rankin,)	Always hand in hand.
Gaines,)	



Epicurean Club

"Their various cares in one great joint combine,
The business of their lives—that is, to dine."

Object: To make things disappear.

Motto: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow never comes.

Patron Saint: Sir John Falstaff.

Ford: "He fell upon what'er was offered, like a priest, a stark, an alderman, or pike."

Hamrick, W. C.: Does he eat? Well, I guess he does

"Bill" Spence: Says nothing, "but saws wood."

Turner, E.: "He's a very valiant trencher—man."

Gore: Eater of the omuletted lightbread.

"ORDINARY CONSUMERS":

Stewart.	Richardson.
Turner, J.	Couch.
McMillan.	Carroll.
Patterson.	Davis, P.
"Stee" Parker.	Jenkins, J.

Class-room and Campus

(With apologies to The Weekly.)

Dr. Poteat—"Mr. McBrayer, what is the *yeast plant*?"

McBrayer—"Why, Doctor, that's a little *animal* that lives on ferments."

Gardner, J. M., and Bland, J. T., noticed "March from Tannhauser" on inauguration program and were very much puzzled as to where Tannhauser was.

Dr. Taylor, on Logic—"Mr. Josey, into what two classes is knowledge divided?"

Josey—"Intuical and collectic."

Greason, looking at program of President Poteat's inauguration—"Say, boys, who's going to deliver this here inaugural address?"

Prof. Eatman, on Pedagogy—"Mr. Powers, B.L., what are native reactions?"

Powers—"They are things what you learn at a manual training school."

Heard in society hall under head of "Wit and humor":

Soph. Moore—"Mr. Pres., I am bored."

"Sol" Ray—"Soft-wood is easily bored, Mr. Pres."

Newish Phifer (first time in gym.)—"What are those wooden bottles used for?"

Self-appointed, non-proficient, assistant instructor Bird—"Fool, them's wooden dumb-bells what you get exercise from."

White, L. M., meets Bryan, P., in campus. Bryan, P., has a letter to Vann, H. from a young lady whom White has recently developed a tendency towards. White (confidentially)—"Say, Paul, please tell Harvey to tell me what *she* said about me."

Turner, J., returning from Mill-Seal with a fair Wake Forest girl, reached the top of the hill just as the sun was going down. With an appealing look into the eyes of the young lady and an eloquent glance towards the West he said, with a pompous gesture: "The sun *have sank* behind the western hills." Amid the plaudits of the multitude (?) the rest of the oration was irretrievably lost.

His Worst Fault

Ives—Visiting.
" Stee " Parker—Butting-in.
Marshall—Catching cars.
Turner, E.—Always in love.
Vernon, J. H.—Scheming.
Powers, A.—Courting caste.
Davis, M.—Legging.
Zollicoffer—Talking big talk.
Richardson—Working too many hours.
Sawyer—Entirely too fresh.
Smith, J.—Spitting tobacco juice.
Mangum, O.—Writing literature.
Spence—Cannot see his own faults.
Poteat—Legging Professor E.
Powell—Hot hat-bands.
Ayers—Never on time at meals.
Powers, B.—Charging too much for the Weekly.
" Feet "—Hot air.
Dunn, C.—Cutting class.
Olive, A. H.—Never satisfied with the one he loves.
Newell—Too stingy with his wit.
Caldwell, T.—Opening his mouth.
Holding, B. T.—Hooking two-cent handkerchiefs.
Benton—Associating with " Jack " M.
Early—Raffles.
" Smoots "—" Shoot'm up."

Dead Beats and Bums

I.

There's a class of jolly mortals,
Whom you see every day—
Quite seldom at work,
More frequently at play.

II.

They're famed for their rare
Attendance on class;
Though they fail not to see,
All the trains as they pass.

III.

They're never serious,
And never blue,
For they've nothing to worry,
And nothing to do.

IV.

When you sit down serious,
To counting the cost,
You'll ever find them
With fingers cros't.

V.

For, "What's the use,"
You hear them say,
Of all this strenuousness,
Anyway?

VI.

This world wasn't made
For worry and work,
It's far more pleasant
To bum 'round and shirk.

VII.

No wrinkles of worry
Ever furrow their brow;
They heed no to-morrow,
They're living right now.

VIII.

A happier band
One scarce ever meets,
Than these jolly old bums,
And happy dead beats.

IX.

So a health to the dead beats and bums,
Who take life just as it comes,
Of all this world's joys ~~they~~ get ~~their~~
share;
They care not for problems that make
men swear;
They're happy and smiling just any old
where—
These jovial dead beats and bums.

JO. PATTON.



"In the evening by the moonlight,"



"In the shade of the old apple tree,"



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STAFF WAKE FOREST WEEKLY

Drags

- "An empty barn needs no cover."—*Hairfield*.
- "I would speak, but I've sworn not to."—*West*.
- "When shall I get in the Parade again?"—*Nervish Webb*.
- "Strange to the world he wore a bashful look."—*Benton*.
- "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."—*Lee*.
- "Here I come, creeping, smiling everywhere."—*Leonard*.
- "Ma, gimme a cent; I want to be a tuff."—*Broken, C. C.*
- "I in vain the fickle sex pursue."—*Mangun*.
- "'Tis remarkable that they talk who have the least to say."—*Chas. Bell*.
- "Mustache was never the standard of brains."—*Jones, J. C.*
- "He never, no never, was known to say anything."—*Howard, R. D.*
- "We'll mutually forget the warmth of youth."—*Burke and Sargee*.
- "Your words are like words of dying geese."—*Sawyer*.
- "I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."—*Stevens*.
- "For profound and solid lying much renowned."—*Paul*.
- "The Right Hon. Gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts."—*Dunn, C. N.*
- "Fate tried to conceal him by naming him 'Kid.'—"Kid" Jenkins.
- "A solemn youth with a sober phiz,
Who eats his grub and minds his biz."—*Dunn, L.*
- "There are a number of us creep
Into the world to eat and sleep."—*Lester and Leggett*



Photo by Holladay, Durham, N. C.

EARNshaw,
POTter.

GENTRY,
KENDRICK.

SENIOR SPEAKERS,
JOSEY,
WEATHERSTOON

HAIRFIELD,
SPENCE.

JENKINS,
BAYNES.

Ruminations on Exam

(To "Break, Break, Break," with due apology.)

Stuck, stuck, stuck,

Like a ship in an arctic sea!

And I would that the gods would pity

Or that some thought would arise in me.

O well for the professor there,

That his bald head is stuffed with lore!

But alas, for this emptiness in mine!

I'm afraid I'll hit the floor.

And yet the hours go swiftly on

With never a thought of stopping;

I must have some help from an unseen hand

Or there will be something a-dropping.

Stuck, stuck, stuck,

Like a leech or a moss-back flea;

And when my report goes home

I wonder what will the issue be.



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Phl. Editor-in-Chief.



E. B. EARNSHAW,
Eu. Editor-in-Chief.



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Eu. Associate Editor.

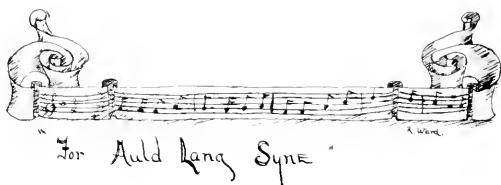
STUDENT EDITORS

Over the Banisters

There on the stair with a look of grace,
And a rippling smile on her gentle face,
She bids me good-night, and I realize quite
That this is a heavenly place.

There on the stair—but the goddess has fled,
And the rose that she held in her fingers is dead,
But its presence I bless and I fondly caress
Because she has kissed every petal so red.

CHAS. P. WEAVER.



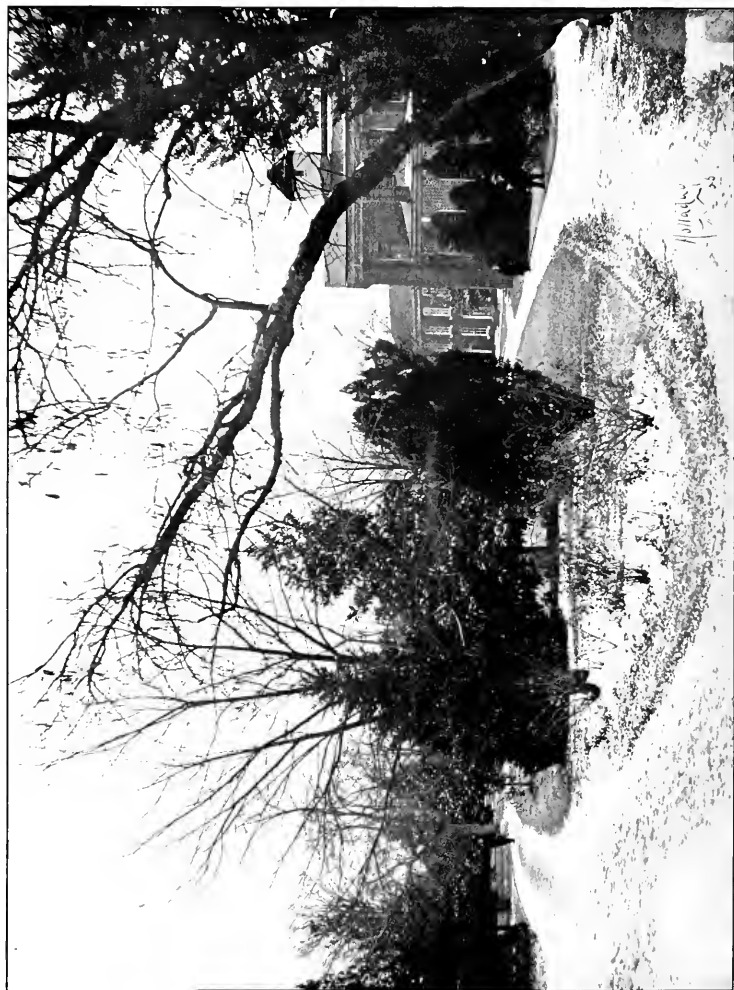


T. R. ASHCRAFT.



J. B. WEATHERSPOON.

MERCER DEBATERS



CAMP'S SCENE.

Hits

"The Lost Cause,"—*Blacking, Newish.*

"Doth appetite never alter?"—*Covington.*

"Like a brook, noisy but shallow,"—*Singleton.*

"We are arrant knaves, all,"—*Sophomores.*

"I'll soon have things in my hands here,"—*"F'r." Martin.*

"I am a man as other men are,"—*White, E. E.*

"The helpless look of blooming infancy,"—*Mitchell.*

"Surely thy hair hath rusted,"—*Spence.*

"A smile, a ghastly, withering smile,"—*Hoffman.*

"None but thyself can be thy parallel,"—*Lyon.*

"A horrid spectre rises to my sight,"—*Elliott, K.*

"Mislike me not for my complexion,"—*Furman.*

"Lambent dulness played around his face,"—*Clark, D.*

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,"—*Gulley, D.*

"I hail from Raleigh, and I'm a mighty singer,"—*Adams.*

"He whistled as he went, for the want of thought,"—*Elzington.*

"Man delights me not; no nor woman neither,"—*Tann, H.*

"Like a frog, he always sat down when he stood up, and always stood up when he sat down,"—*"Doc" Murray.*

"As a liar we know him to be like Capt. Cattle's watch—equaled by few and excelled by none,"—*Gid Hood.*

"The light that lies in woman's eyes

Hath proved my heart's undoing,"—*Dunn, A. H.*

Wise and Unwise

- "Out, ye imposters!"—*Late Class*.
"A cross 'twixt what!"—*Hupperman*.
"In a vinegar manner."—*Ives*.
"A merry heart goes all day."—*Holding, B.*
"One omnipresent eternal noise."—*Tilley*.
"Fresh—but how can I be cured?"—*Stringfield*.
"I am a tainted wether of the flock."—*Phifer*.
"Don't speak to me for I haven't a single thought."—*Kurpees*.
"A giant of brass on legs of clay."—*Bunn*.
"He is worth a million if 100 per cent were taken off for cash."—*Newish Cor.*
"Putting on more airs than you could grind out with a hand organ."—*Check*.
"Their brains are Gibralters to all new ideas."—*Newish*.
 " Oh, why should there such difference be
 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee?"—*Dockery Twins*.
"He's something like a wheel whose spokes tend to tire."—*Newish Lyles*.
"As still as a cat in a milk-house."—*Gallimore*.
 "Swans sing before they die,
 'Twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die
 Before they sing."—*Glee Club*.

Perhaps There is Something in a Name After All

BY SYNGARDE.

SHORTLY CLAUDE BARRINGER had cause to congratulate himself as he entered his sitting-room that snowy evening in December, 18—. Just ten years before he had been a struggling, timid young man just from college, a free-lance; now he was the popular and efficient city editor of the *Daily Times*, the most widely-circulated paper of his State. He stood for a moment before the blazing wood fire, living over again, in brief but pleasant reminiscence, the story of his upward climb; then with a visible air of self-approbation surrendered himself to his easy chair. Books, papers, magazines in endless variety and profusion lay on the table before him. His wife entered, a sweet-faced, matronly woman of almost the same years as himself, patted him affectionately on the cheek, and took a seat across the table from him. Bobby, a curly-headed youngster of seven years, read aloud from his story book, pausing now and then to ask the meaning of a word; while golden-haired Alice, aged five, prattled of dolls and flowers, kittens and strings. Surely Claude Barringer, with all this assurance of domestic happiness and professional fame had cause to congratulate himself that he was not as most men are.

Almost mechanically the famous editor addressed himself to the reading matter before him: a part of his daily task and pastime; he had performed it so often that it had become almost second nature to him. The seals of half a dozen letters were broken and the contents read abstractedly; a seventh attracted more attention. Twice the reader glanced through its pages, and a smile began to play about the corners of his mouth. Searching among the magazines he selected one whose title corresponded with the official heading of the letter he had just read. It was one of the foremost periodicals of the country. He glanced rapidly through the table of contents, then turned to the first page of reading matter, where appeared, in tasteful design, a poem signed by himself. At sight of it his eyes sparkled, and throwing back his head against the soft folds of his chair he opened his lips and broke into a low but exultant chuckle.

It was catching. Bobbie bounced from his seat, book in hand, and began peering over Papa's shoulder to see what it was that had appealed to his sense of humor. Alice ceased her childish prattle and looked up with eager inquiry in her big brown eyes. Whenever "Daddy" found anything worth laughing at, it demanded attention. And the sweet-faced wife, from the regions of her fancy work, looked up with a smile and a question, "What is it, dearie?"

The husband handed the magazine to the wife. Bobbie and Alice returned to their pastimes. If it was a matter each had to get for himself by private investigation, then they preferred to go without it. It was not so with Mother: she read the poem through carefully, even the second time, and returned it with comment on its beauty and sweetness, but with a puzzled expression which seemed to say all was not as clear as it might be yet.


"It's simply this, sweetheart," explained the husband; and going to his desk he began rummaging among the countless papers, selecting at last a letter and a manuscript, the

latter of which he gave to his wife. It was a poem with the same title as that in the magazine she had just read—"Love's Sunshine."

"It was ten years ago," continued he. Again the little ones were on their feet before him with eager expectancy. If he was going to tell a real story it was worth all the book stories in the world.—"Ten years ago when I was basking in the sunlight of your love, a timid lad with few prospects, that I wrote that poem—the same one you see published here now. I had had literary inclinations for some time, had made not a few feeble attempts at composition, and had ventured to press with some; but was still practically unknown to the journalistic world. I was known to you, however; it was the light of your smiles that prompted this poem, and I sent it to the man who prints it now. He returned it then with almost an insult: here is his letter, in which he calls my production 'the love-sick lines of a spring-struck poet.' It came near deciding me against a literary career; but encouragement was given elsewhere until, with your continued smiles, I'm where I am now; at least with following enough and sufficiently brilliant record that he wrote me a few weeks ago earnestly soliciting something for publication. Of course he had forgotten his former attitude toward me now that my name is somewhat less obscure than it was then; but I had not forgotten. In a spirit of retaliation I sent him, in answer to his request, a copy of the rejected poem without alteration in word or line. This time he not only published but gave it the prominent place in his magazine; and in his private letter here he praises it almost lavishly, as 'voicing truly the tender and universal passion in man.' Is it because human nature is changing, learning to appreciate things which were unappreciable ten years ago? or is it rather a confirmation that there is something in a name after all?"

Meanwhile, Bobbie had taken up his book again and Alice was impatient to resume her playing. "Humph!" muttered the boy under his breath, when his father had finished, as much as to say, "It wasn't much after all." A sympathetic glance from his sister's brown eyes told him she was of the same opinion, too.

The House of Fate

T was early spring-time. The golden sunset was fast being replaced by the silvery twilight. The stars were appearing one by one as the leaden night came on. The moon was just peeping over the hill smiling at two youthful forms standing by the gate, in front of a large, old Southern mansion, built while the South was in her ante-bellum bloom; the one was that of a maiden—Helen by name—equal in grace and beauty to the fair Helen of old, who—as Horace says—"Looks a goddess, and lives a queen." The other was that of a youth clad in a soldier's uniform, the brass buttons of which were gleaming in the moonlight. He had come to bid his sweetheart good-bye to go to sunny Cuba—

"To strike one blow for the right,
For a people long oppressed,
And to lie, if need be, at last,
With the flag upon his breast."

Their farewells were given almost in silence—silence is a language more divine, voicing the soul's deepest yearning when the heart is too full for speech. With the promise, "Helen, I'll return before the violets bloom again," he was gone.

Time dragged wearily on while she waited for a message from Clyde, her soldier boy. Twice during the spring and early summer she heard from him. Once when he reached Tampa, again from Havana, and from there he went into the field. Then came weeks of anxious suspense. In vain did she search the papers for some mention of his name. She would read of a skirmish with a few wounded or killed, or a number sick with fever, and her heart would almost cease its throbbing for fear lest her Clyde was among them.

Helen was an orphan who lived all alone in the old Adam's mansion built by the sea, where the "long deep roar of the reef" would carry her away into dreamland every night. She alone of all the family had been spared by the chilling blasts of tyrant Winter, who freezes mortals into that last long sleep. The death of her parents broke up the nest, for it left none but Helen and old Uncle Barney, the faithful old slave, who had been with the family since his birth "befo' de wah," as he would always say.

Some of Helen's friends asked her to come and live with them, but she said, "No, I want to keep the home in order, for Clyde will return, he says, before the violets bloom again."

One morning soon after, when uncle Barney brought the mail—just a paper—he said as mildly as he could that there was a battle yesterday and several wounded, but she saw thro' his efforts to be calm and read the dreadful truth

from the expression on his face. She sat down and began to weep, saying, "This must be the house of fate! Will they all be taken from me? Father and mother gone! Now must Clyde be taken too?"

The next day she was speeding on her way to Cuba to enlist in the Red Cross Society under the saintly Clara Barton, to nurse her wounded sweetheart back to life.

It was in early July that Clyde, with a detachment of troops set out to dislodge a body of Spaniards upon a hill that threatened their safety. His soldiers had responded nobly to the command and were nearing the crest of the hill unharmed, for the enemy shot wide of their mark. Already they were retreating. At this opportunity Clyde sprang forward in front of his men, mounted the breastworks, tore down the Spanish flag—a symbol of tyranny—and placed instead the waving stars and stripes, while the very earth trembled with their wild shouts. But the enemy on seeing their flag lowered halted long enough to fire a last volley—then fled. This last fire was better aimed. Several fell wounded. Clyde was of this number.

He was hurried away to the hospital unconscious, and with his wound came that dreadful Cuban fever.

The next day he was a little better, for a nurse as she passed his cot saw that he was gazing intently, with large unshed tears in his eyes, at a little ringlet of golden hair which Helen had given to him when they parted. He was thinking of their parting and now saw her, as it were in a dream, standing by the old gate waiting for him to return. After a little a sob burst from his manly breast, and in it the name "Helen" was whispered very tenderly.

In a few days Helen arrived, but not wishing to let the other nurses know her secret she determined to find Clyde herself as she went about her duties. As she would pass from one cot to another she would look almost with fear for his well-known face, but she found that a difficult task, for some had bandages over their faces, others were wasted with fever, and all so tanned that they could not be recognized. She was on the point of giving up the search, thinking him not there, when her attention was attracted by the low conversation of one of the patients and a man in soldier's uniform. She heard him say: "Captain, I have learned to love you as a brother since we have fought side by side, and you have been so good to me. But there is another that I love better than myself. It is my sweetheart back in Carolina who is waiting for me to return. If I die take me back to her and bury me by the old willow tree. I promised her to return before the violets bloom again, but I am afraid it will be as the Spartan youth, upon his shield."

The Captain answered: "Well, I promise, but, old boy, you must get well."

In a few moments Clyde fell into a semi-unconscious state and began talking of Helen, saying, "Her face is fair like the morning. She always wears a smile. Her eyes are blue to match the heavens, and her voice is sweet like the murmur of a gentle brook."

The nurse—yes, it was Helen—came up and smoothed back his hair, fearing that his fever was rising, when she saw a scar that told her that she had found her own dear Clyde. He feeling the soft hand upon his forehead cried, "O, this is Helen! I knew you would come if you only knew it. But Helen, it isn't time for the violets, is it?"

"No. You will be well before they bloom, and we will be at home together. Now I have come to nurse you back to health. So just make up your mind to recover."

He whispered very low, "I am so glad."

But in spite of all her gentle nursing the next evening Clyde was no more. She carried his body back to Carolina—while in soul she lay prostrate in her Gethsemane. Uncle Barney made the grave down by the sea under the willow, where they loved so much to sit on a summer's evening before he went away to the war. The burial was very beautiful. Soldiers were present in a great body who fired many times over his grave. Then they all went away in silence—but in the darkness and gloom of the night she stood as it were in a dream over his grave and could still hear the heavy clouds as they fell thick and fast over the lifeless form of his heart wrapped in cold flesh in that tomb, and as she still heard the minister's words, "Dust shall return to dust," the lonely desolation of her life loomed up before her. She was yet young and fair, but from that day a sad look settled upon her brow. Other suitors she had, but she gave to them all her one message: "My heart is bound. I am married to Clyde in heaven."

One day she sickened. The weight of sorrow and a broken heart was too great to be borne when the star of hope in her life had set. Uncle Barney watched over her day and night—he was unwilling to let others take his place—and once he heard her whisper, as the dew from the black wings of death fell heavy upon her eyelids: "Clyde I'm coming; wait for me by the gate," and she embarked upon that silver stream that "flows fast by the throne of God."

Their bodies now rest side by side under the willow tree by the sea, where the breakers as they roll upon the shore sing an eternal requiem over their graves, and now—

"Day with its weary strife,
Night with its gloom, forgot:
Soul and soul are wandering
Where day and night come not."

Frank Barrett of Cleveland

FRANK BARRETT had rightfully won the reputation of the biggest liar in his neighborhood, and his reputation was not only confined to his neighborhood, but had spread over a great part of the county.

Frank lived in a small village called Cleveland, in honor of the last Democratic President. This little village possessed one small store, which kept everything that is to be found in a general merchandise store, while one part was set off for the post-office. In fact, all the business that was done in Cleveland centered around "the store."

The store was also the center of all the gossip and jokes which passed around in the neighborhood; of course one could always find Frank seated on a cracker box or barrel telling of his marvellous adventures, some of which, as the school teacher said, "Had Gordon Pym beat to death."

It is true the jokers once enjoyed hearing Frank tell of his experiences, but this was now called *once upon a time*, when he first began his career. The old men would smile and wink at each other as Frank told of his close association with General Ransom during the Civil War, and of how Ransom made him his aide-de-camp. He had told many tales of his saving Ransom's life, in which he would tell how the old General would tell him of the deep debt of gratitude that he owed Frank, which he knew he could never pay in this world. Frank would get so wrought up over these "old memories" that in many places he would weep and say, he never would forget the General.

It was about this time that Gen. Matt. Ransom was candidate for the United States Senate, and all the newspapers were filled with the good qualities of the brave old General. It was stated in the county paper that General Ransom would speak on Friday in Masonville, the county-seat; also that a great old soldiers' reunion and picnic was to be given. The little village of Cleveland had found a new topic of discussion. Some told Frank he would have an opportunity of seeing his old friend, the General. To this Frank said, he never wanted to see any one so in all his life. He then proceeded to tell an extra big story of his sleeping with the General for a week out in the woods together, how he secured food for the General, and of the debt of gratitude the General owed him for it.

Frank told all of his old friends to be sure to go to the speaking, as he wanted to introduce them to his old friend and comrade; that he had heard from the General, and that he wanted him to be on the rostrum during all of the speech. Some wanted to see the letter, but Frank said, "It was to home." But as the day drew nearer and nearer, Frank would change the subject when his friends approached it. He claimed his old rheumatism was coming back on him. His friends always met this declaration with a smile and a wink. He began to talk of his money running short and was scared he would not even be able to go to Masonville on the day of the speaking.

Frank had a nephew who was a very shrewd lawyer. This nephew, knowing of his uncle's great reputation as a liar and the joke his friends were about to play on him, resolved to baffle them. On the day for the speaking he was one of the first to meet General Ransom. He told the General of his uncle's steady lying for him, how he had always praised him, and the lies he had told about their once intimate friendship. He explained

his plans, which delighted the old General, who said that he never turned down a friend.

The day of the speaking came. It was a beautiful day. Frank could not say the weather was unfavorable, and as his friends made up money enough to pay his railroad fare, he could not get out of going, though he tried hard to do so.

As soon as he had alighted from the cars his nephew met him and carried him at once to the hotel.

Frank and his nephew were in the hotel office surrounded by a great number of Frank's old Cleveland friends, waiting to see the old man suffer defeat. While they were still trying to get him to talk about his old friend, the General, General Ransom came in. Frank's nephew gave the General the wink. The old General looked keenly at Frank, who bowed his head in humble defeat. The General came up closer to him and said, "Old Frank Barrett, as sure as I am alive! Old comrade, I am glad to see you. You don't look as you did when we spent that week in the woods almost starved." Frank's old friends fell back in surprise, but they were no more surprised than he was himself. He could only grasp the General's hand feebly.

When the speaking began, Frank Barrett occupied a seat next to the General's; with a flush on his now proud face, he gazed on his friends with pleasure.

He also occupied the seat in the carriage with the General on the way to the station, for they left Masonville on the same train. From Masonville to Cleveland the old General recalled to Frank's mind a great many adventures that he had told in the little country store, and shook hands warmly with him as he got off the train at Cleveland.

Afterwards when Frank told a story of the General and himself he always had attentive listeners, who admired the old man as much as they did the General.

The mysterious part of Frank's adventure was, his nephew never told him anything about the joke he had worked so well. Frank then began to believe his own lies and increased them both in length and in wonder, but he always declared at the end that he never would forget the General—which statement was, no doubt, perfectly true.

BY BUFORD F. WILLIAMS.

Lover's Leap

"Say, Evelyn, let's go for a ride. I'm so tired of the house."

"Alright. Where shall we go?"

"I want to take you to Lover's Leap. It's so beautiful there! It is sweethearts' paradise, where they often sit until the evening shadows creep over them."

In a little while we were there. The great cliff rose, as it were, out of the ground, two hundred feet toward the sky. It was solid rock with green moss growing all along its side, formed at right angles, smooth, as if hewn by the hand of God. At its base was a clear, sparkling rivulet that made a perfect horseshoe in the angle. This little stream, with the evening sun upon its bosom, seemed a thread of gold woven in the green ivy and rhododendron all about us. This rustic spot had never been troubled by the woodman's axe, but remained in its simple beauty as the Creator Himself made it. Just above this stream at the bottom of the cliff was a large cave in the side of the rock. In it a little cool spring sent forth a silver thread to join the stream below. Then about a hundred feet above this was another room with a narrow passage leading to it from the "Buggy Shed," which was a beautiful natural bridge, opening from one valley into another. When we reached the summit of this wonderful rock, we saw there a round stone nearly twelve feet high which finished out the picture and made a "rock house" of this high cliff.

We were standing there in silence—lost in wonder, as the last soft rays of the sun were lingering upon the scene, adding color to Nature's great picture—language is but a weakling to paint the glory of this picture, whose beauty would have dazzled a Raphael—which had always moved me strangely. I felt there a Presence indescribable.

While we thus stood mute, an old gray-haired man stepped to our side, whom I recognized at once to be the old Guide for tourists over the mountain. He spoke immediately: "I am glad to see you young people so absorbed in the beauty of this place. You reminded me, as you stood there in silence, of another couple that stood in your tracks there years before you. Do you want to hear the little Indian legend that named this spot?"

"Yes, tell us," we both responded.

"Well, it was long ago, when the camp-fires of the Red men gleamed from every hill-top, and their war-whoop rang through every valley that this legend came into being. To the north of us lived the fierce Wataugas, and to the east the Catawbas. They had been bitter enemies for years, but now Pukwana, a young brave of the Wataugas, was in love with Minnewawa, the old chief's daughter of the Catawbas, and somehow they felt their's was a doomed love.

"One day he went to the old chief and told him his tale of love, and how he wished to take Minnewawa to his wigwam; but the old chief, at first, laughed at his love, and then grew fierce, saying that their tribe had been insulted. He turned with his eyes blazing fire and demanded: 'Where are your scalps?' The warrior that takes Minnewawa to his wigwam must be a brave of many winters with many scalps hung to his side."

"Pukwana now straightened himself before the chief like a statue. His own eyes now blazed with anger and wounded pride as he said: 'You demand my scalps, but I tell you that for months I have felt that Gitche Manito, the Mighty, frowns upon our scalps and blood. He has given us this land to enjoy, but if we must bury the peace-pipe and dye it with blood, you warriors shall furnish it. I now challenge to mortal combat your fiercest warrior. Set the date,' he cried.

"The angry chief placed it for the morrow, and said Osseo, to whom he had promised his daughter, should fight this nameless warrior of the Wataugas.

"That night Pukwana came near the camp, giving his signal for Minnewawa. In a moment she was by his side, and he took her hand, kissing it many times, saying: 'Minnewawa, to-morrow I must fight your fiercest brave, and I do it gladly in behalf of my wounded honor and you, my heart, my love.'

"'O, Pukwana, don't do that,' she cried. 'I will steal away in the shadows while the sunbeams no longer play in the forests and go with you on a long journey, far from my home, even to the portals of the sunset, if you wish. Osseo is fierce. He is dreaded. Pukwana, shun him for my sake.'

"Minnewawa, as much as I love you, I cannot hear your plea and rue my challenge. To-morrow I will fight and win you; then to the land of the sunset we will go.'

"That night Minnewawa crawled as slyly as a cat past the guards and stole into the wigwam of Osseo while he was sleeping, and under the skin of his bow she cut a little notch to one side, making that weak, so that the arrow would not fly straight—thereby she would save her lover.

"At early morning the battle came on. They were stationed a hundred steps apart. Osseo came first, and with a steady aim he let go the arrow; but Minnewawa's notch caused it to miss its mark, and a groan passed through the warriors assembled. Now came Pukwana, and he saw the deep colored eyes of Minnewawa shining through the fierce crowd of his enemies as stars in the blackness of night. This fired him with new zeal, and, aiming with a careful eye, Osseo fell dead, pierced by his arrow.

"His enemies raised a war-whoop of anger, but he fled like the wind through the dense forest, and that night Minnewawa joined him. Together they came to the river—

"And on the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing.
Whispered to it "Westward! Westward!"
And with speed it darted forward!"

into the fiery sunset—into the dusk of evening—and landed here at this cliff at dark. That night they built their camp-fire in the cave below. Several days after, feeling that the Chief would not come in search of them, they came to the summit of this cliff and were standing by the chimney there where you lovers were when I found you gazing into the sunset; but presently they heard a limb crack and a moving among the leaves as when a tiger is slipping upon you, preparing to spring. They looked, and lo! the woods were filled with warriors, with the fierce Chief in front. Onward they came with an awful whoop. Pukwana squared himself as if for resistance, but Minnewawa whispered: 'They will kill you, and for me it will be worse than death. Let's jump over the cliff. Death will be sweet together. They can't harm or separate us in the Land of the Hereafter. Quick! Jump!' and over the cliff went the two lovers. Down, down they fell on the rocks below in the stream there, and immediately the water as it rolled over the shoals raised a mournful wail, which you can still hear. That is the Indian legend as it was told me years and years ago, and well may we call it 'Lovers' Leap,' for they were lovers indeed."

The old Guide, as he finished his story, left us, and we both felt a sense of fear. We could almost see an Indian standing behind every tree, and every sound we imagined was the twang of his bow-string. But I tell you this Indian legend made me love Evelyn more, and there in the gathering twilight, as she nestled close in my arms, I told her again that I loved her, while she raised her eyes, in which I could read infinite depths of tenderness and love as she whispered: "I am so glad you brought me here, where the weird music of the stream below, bewailing the sad fate of Pukwana and gentle Minnewawa, sounds so sweetly as it floats out on the balmy twilight air."

By O. R. MANGUM.

Editorial

In presenting this the fourth edition of THE HOWLER to the public, to the faculty, to the students and to the Alumni, we beg to say that it has been our earnest endeavor to portray college life as a student sees it. If we have failed to do this our only excuse is inability. We have done our best, and 'Angels can do no more.'

To the public we wish to say that while THE HOWLER is supposed to be compiled for the amusement of the students, yet we trust that you will gather something from its pages that will be of interest to you.

To the faculty we desire to say that, though some of our jokes may seem harsh, no disrespect was intended, and hope that they will be taken in the same spirit in which they were given.

To the students we wish to say that we have tried to paint a true picture of college life and if, in the years to come, when we have drifted apart, this volume should be the means of recalling to you some of the happy days and fond associations of college life we shall feel as though our work has not been in vain. If anyone is offended with a joke at his expense we wish to apologize, for it was certainly not our intention to cast any reflections upon our fellow students.

For the Alumni we have endeavored to re-awaken in their hearts that love, devotion and loyalty to the dear old College from which they were graduated, which they felt while they were students.

We also wish to thank our contributors, especially the young ladies who so kindly aided our art editor.

College Roll

Adams, James M.	Y....	Fresh.	Raleigh, N. C.
Allen, J. Edward	Y....	Junior	Warrenton, N. C.
Anders, Robert G.	Φ....	Fresh.	Hendersonville, N. C.
Anderson, John G.	Y....	Senior	Enfield, N. C.
Arnette, David W.	Φ....	Soph.	Carthage, N. C.
Ashcraft, Thomas B.	Y....	Senior	Marshville, N. C.
Ayers, Thomas L.	Φ....	Soph.	Nichols, S. C.
Barnette, Charles S.	Φ....	Soph.	Roxboro, N. C.
Barrett, James L.	Φ....	Fresh.	Bethel Hill, N. C.
Baucom, Herbert W.	Φ....	Soph.	Morrisville, N. C.
Baynes, Wallace O.	Φ....	Senior	Winston, N. C.
Baynes, Walter W.	Φ....	Fresh.	Winston, N. C.
Bazemore, Bogan S.	Y....	Junior	Windsor, N. C.
Bell, Charles T.	Φ....	Fresh.	Morehead City, N. C.
Bell, John C.	Φ....	Soph.	Pollocksville, N. C.
Bell, Carl W.	Y....	Fresh.	Wakefield, N. C.
Bellamy, William M.		Law	Wilmington, N. C.
Bennett, Fleet T.	Φ....	Fresh.	Clinton, N. C.
Bennett, John P.	Y....	Soph.	Jubilee, N. C.
Benton, Homer	Y....	Fresh.	Charlotte, N. C.
Beverly, Thomas H.	Y....	Junior	Lumberton, N. C.
Bird, Williford S.	Φ....	Fresh.	Blacksburg, S. C.
Bland, Daniel G.	Φ....	Fresh.	Teachey, N. C.
Bland, John T.	Φ....	Fresh.	Burgaw, N. C.
Bower, John C.		Law	Jefferson, N. C.
Brewer, S. Waite	Y....	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Brickhouse, William H.	Y....	Fresh.	Columbia, N. C.
Bridgers, John B.	Y....	Junior	Ellenboro, N. C.
Brock, Walter E.		Law	Wingate, N. C.
Brooks, Thomas S.	Φ....	Fresh.	Siler City, N. C.
Browne, Archie M.	Y....	Fresh.	Ahoskie, N. C.
Brown, Clement C.	Φ....	Fresh.	Wilmington, N. C.
Brown, Gurney V.	Y....	Junior	Union, N. C.

Brown, Herbert J.	Y....	Fresh.	Union, N. C.
Brown, Fred. F.	Y....	Soph.	Asheville, N. C.
Bunn, Julian W.	Y....	Soph.	Wakefield, N. C.
Bryan, J. Ashley	Y....	Soph.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Bryan, Paul Q.	Y....	Soph.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Burke, Flake T.	Y....	Soph.	Statesville, N. C.
Butler, John S.		Law	Salemburg, N. C.
Bynum, Archie	Y....	Fresh.	Bon Air, Va.
Byrum, John T.	Y....	Soph.	Ryland, N. C.
Coble, Norman T.		Law	Clayton, N. C.
Cohoon, Walter L.		Post G.	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Caldwell, Simeon F.		Phi. Junior	Lumberton, N. C.
Caldwell, Thomas Z.		Phi. Junior	Campobello, S. C.
Carroll, John D.		Phi. Fresh.	Donesville, S. C.
Carroll, James G.		Phi. Fresh.	Turkey, N. C.
Chaffin, Abner C.	Y....	Soph.	Sheffield, N. C.
Check, Rupert E.		Phi. Soph.	Roxboro, N. C.
Chisholm, Walter A.		Law	Sanford, N. C.
Clark, Elliott	Y....	Fresh.	Weldon, N. C.
Clark, David	Y....	Fresh.	Weldon, N. C.
Cloud, E. B.		Law.	
Coggin, Patt B.	Y....	Fresh.	Palmerville, N. C.
Collins, Fred. T.		Phi. Fresh.	Lumberton, N. C.
Conley, Sinclair B.	Y....	Soph.	Burton, N. C.
Cone, George E.	Y....	Fresh.	Brunson, S. C.
Couch, V. F.	Y....	Soph.	Roby, N. C.
Crawford, Byron C.	Y....	Fresh.	Atlanta, Ga.
Covington, Furman P.		Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Cox, Fountain F.		Phi. Fresh.	Winterville, N. C.
Creech, Oscar		Phi. Fresh.	Selma, N. C.
Curtis, Kaller R.		Phi. Senior	Ahoskie, N. C.
Curtis, Walter L.		Phi. Junior	Ahoskie, N. C.
Dailey, Louis E.	Y....	Fresh.	South Mill, N. C.
Daniel, Thomas M.	Y....	Fresh.	Mullins, S. C.
Davenport, Aaron W.	Y....	Fresh.	Cherry, N. C.
Davis, M. Leslie		Phi. Post G.	Beaufort, N. C.
Davis, Paul P.	Y....	Fresh.	Conrads, N. C.

Dean, William S.	Φ....	Fresh.	Oxford, N. C.
Deaton, Parks B.	Y....	Soph.	Statesville, N. C.
Deaton, Walter	Φ....	Soph.	Anterler, N. C.
Dixon, Robert H.		Law	Mt. Vernon Springs, N. C.
Dockery, Henry C.	Φ....	Fresh.	Rockingham, N. C.
Dockery, William E.	Φ....	Fresh.	Rockingham, N. C.
Dorton, H. Calvin	Y....	Fresh.	Concord, N. C.
Duncan, John M.	Φ....	Junior	Clinton, N. C.
Dunn, Ashby W.	Y....	Soph.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Dunn, James L.	Y....	Fresh.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Dunn, Carl N.	Y....	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Dunn, Dolphus W.		Law	Lone Oak, Va.
Dunn, Benjamin E.	Y....	Junior	Wise, N. C.
Dunn, Robert M.	Y....	Fresh.	Wise, N. C.
Dunning, Bossie J.	Y....	Soph.	Aulander, N. C.
Earnshaw, Elliott B.	Y....	Senior	Raleigh, N. C.
Early, Huffman W.	Y....	Soph.	Aulander, N. C.
Edmundson, Oscar C.	Φ....	Fresh.	Lindell, N. C.
Edwards, Paul I.	Φ....	Fresh.	Durham, N. C.
Edwards, Gordon R.	Y....	Senior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Elliott, Kyle		Fresh.	Gadsden, Ala.
Elliott, Chester A.	Y....	Fresh.	Eagletown, N. C.
Elvington, Robert F.	Φ....	Soph.	Kemper, S. C.
Ferrell, Thaddius S.	Y....	Post G.	Ashboro, N. C.
Ferrell, Ralph H.	Y....	Junior	Raleigh, N. C.
Foote, Ovid C.	Φ....	Soph.	Roaring River, N. C.
Flowers, Albert H.	Φ....	Fresh.	Lumberton, N. C.
Forrest, Mortimer E.	Y....	Junior	Raleigh, N. C.
Ford, Rufus	Φ....	Senior	Bennettsville, S. C.
Forehand, R. Elton	Y....	Fresh.	Tyner, N. C.
Franks, Samuel S.	Y....	Fresh.	Franklin, N. C.
Freeman, Robert H.	Y....	Soph.	Forrestville, N. C.
Furman, William H.	Φ....	Fresh.	Louisburg, N. C.
Gaddy, Corioss F.	Φ....	Fresh.	Albemarle, N. C.
Gallimore, Arthur R.	Y....	Fresh.	Lexington, N. C.
Gardner, Jesse	Y....	Junior	Macon, N. C.
Gardner, John M.	Y....	Fresh.	Macon, N. C.

Gary, Leonard B.Y....Fresh.	Spencer, N. C.
Gay, Paul W.Y....Fresh.	Seaboard, N. C.
Gentry, Byrd P.Y....Senior	Bethel Hill, N. C.
Gentry, George W.Y....Fresh.	Roxboro, N. C.
Gibbs, John M.Y....Fresh.	Cotton, N. C.
Goode, Clement T.Y....Post G.	Mooresboro, N. C.
Goodwyn, George T.Φ....Senior	Laurinburg, N. C.
Core, EarleΦ....Senior	Clarkton, N. C.
Greason, James F.Φ....Senior	Enlis, N. C.
Green, Dowry R.Φ....Fresh.	Raleigh, N. C.
Green, James E.Φ....Fresh.	Raleigh, N. C.
Green, John R.Y....Junior	Clyde, N. C.
Green, Willie M.Φ....Fresh.	Wakefield, N. C.
Griffin, RayY....Fresh.	Unionville, N. C.
Gulley, DonaldΦ....Senior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Gulley, TomΦ....Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Hairfield, E. M.Y....Senior	Axton, Va.
Hale, LutherY....Fresh.	Winton, N. C.
Hall, Cooper A.Y....Fresh.	Woodsdale, N. C.
Hall, John W.Φ....Fresh.	East Bend, N. C.
Hampton, Wade B.Φ....Fresh.	Dobson, N. C.
Hamrick, Waitte C.Φ....Soph.	Gaffney, S. C.
Hamrick, Fuller B.Y....Junior	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Spurgeon O.Y....Senior	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, Toliver B.Y....Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Hamrick, O. FitzhughY....Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Hankins, James E.Y....Fresh.	Lexington, N. C.
Harrell, Hugh C.Y....Soph.	Woodland, N. C.
Harris, Holbert P.Φ....Soph.	Youngsville, N. C.
Harris, Ned M.Y....Fresh.	Seaboard, N. C.
Hatcher, Marion F.Φ....Post G.	Liberty, N. C.
Hayes, Thomas N.Φ....Junior	Purlear, N. C.
Hearn, Fred, J.Φ....Fresh.	Willard, N. C.
Henderson, John R.Y....Law	Wilkesboro, N. C.
Henderson, Oscar W.Φ....Fresh.	Baltimore, Md.
Hendron, Ernest S.Φ....Fresh.	Wilkesboro, N. C.
Hendrix, TilletY....Soph.	Fork Church, N. C.

Hill, William R.	Y....	Fresh.	Rutherfordton, N. C.
Hines, Hugh B.	Y....	Soph.	Murfreesboro, N. C.
Hipps, John B.	Y....	Junior	Spring Creek, N. C.
Hobbs, Elbert C.	Y....	Soph.	Hobbsville, N. C.
Hoffman, Romulus E.	Y....	Fresh.	Cold Hill, N. C.
Hogan, Kelly W.	Φ....	Fresh.	Star, N. C.
Holden, Cimpronius	Φ....	Law	Huntley, N. C.
Holding, Willis P.	Φ....	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Holding, Benjamin T.	Φ....	Senior	Youngsville, N. C.
Hough, William A.	Y....	Soph.	Link, N. C.
Howard, Royall D.	Φ....	Fresh.	Oxford, N. C.
Howard, A. T.	Φ....	Soph.	Salemberg, N. C.
Huskeith, Sadie J.	Y....	Junior	Redwood, N. C.
Hudson, L. L.	Φ....	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Ives, Judson D.	Φ....	Post C.	Pine Bluff, N. C.
Ivie, Henry B.	Y....	Fresh.	La Grand, N. C.
Jackson, Liston	Φ....	Senior	Dillon, S. C.
Jackson, Charles J.	Φ....	Fresh.	Winterville, N. C.
Jenkins, Clyde	Y....	Junior	Aulander, N. C.
Jenkins, James	Y....	Fresh.	Aulander, N. C.
Jenkins, Herbert	Y....	Senior	Menola, N. C.
Jenkins, Archibald L.	Φ....	Soph.	Gastonia, N. C.
Jenkins, James L.	Φ....	Fresh.	Albemarle, N. C.
Johnson, Clayton, C.	Φ....	Soph.	Pyatte, N. C.
Johnson, Basie H.	Φ....	Soph.	Rennert, N. C.
Johnson, George H.	Φ....	Fresh.	Rennert, N. C.
Johnson, William O.	Φ....	Junior	Rennert, N. C.
Johnson, Wingate M.	Φ....	Post G.	Raleigh, N. C.
Jones, Joseph C.	Y....	Senior	Gates, N. C.
Jones, Hubert A.	Y....	Soph.	Raleigh, N. C.
Jones, Willie J.	Y....	Soph.	Gates, N. C.
Jones, Mal H.	Y....	Fresh.	Rutherfordton, N. C.
Jones, L. Shell	Y....	Fresh.	Forestville, N. C.
Josey, Edwin B.	Y....	Senior	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Joyner, Vallie	Y....	Junior	Woodland, N. C.
Joyner, Grover H.	Y....	Fresh.	Woodland, N. C.
Justice, Charles B.	Y....	Fresh.	Rutherfordton, N. C.

Justice, James F.	Φ....	Junior	Fairview, N. C.
Keaton, Thomas C.	Y....	Fresh.	Woodville, N. C.
Keith, Benjamin F.	Φ....	Fresh.	Wilmington, N. C.
Kendrick, Richard L.	Φ....	Senior	Rock Hill, S. C.
Kelly, Charles L.	Y....	Fresh.	Henderson, N. C.
King, Fairley D.	Y....	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Kirk, Jacob L.	Y....	Soph.	China Grove, N. C.
Kirk, Jones E.	Y....	Soph.	China Grove, N. C.
Knott, James E.	Φ....	Fresh.	Oxford, N. C.
Kurfees, Frank W.	Y....	Soph.	Statesville, N. C.
Kyles, William L.	Y....	Soph.	Coolsmee, N. C.
Lanier, John E.	Φ....	Fresh.	Chalk Level, N. C.
Lassiter, Arthur L.	Y....	Soph.	Potocasi, N. C.
Lee, Marion A.	Y....	Fresh.	Dunn, N. C.
Leggett, L. W.	Φ....	Fresh.	Hobgood, N. C.
LeGrand, Dudley H.	Y....	Fresh.	Robertdell, N. C.
Lennon, Woodbury	Φ....	Junior	Lumberton, N. C.
Leonard, Charles A.	Y....	Junior	Statesville, N. C.
Lester, William E.	Φ....	Fresh.	McCall, S. C.
Limerick, Thomas F.	Y....	Fresh.	Nanney, N. C.
Little, William D.	Y....	Fresh.	Marshville, N. C.
Livermore, Henry W.	Φ....	Fresh.	Red Springs, N. C.
Long, Isaac F.		Law	Monroe, N. C.
Long, Jay Vann		Law	Unionville, N. C.
Lyles, Lloyd DeWitt	Y....	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Lyon, Terry A.	Φ....	Junior	Elizabethtown, N. C.
Lucas, Richard H.	Φ....	Junior	Plymouth, N. C.
Markham, Thomas J.	Φ....	Post G.	Elizabeth City, N. C.
McBrayer, Claude B.	Y....	Junior	Shelby, N. C.
McBrayer, Madison D.	Y....	Fresh.	Rutherfordton, N. C.
McKinney, T. S.	Φ....	Law	Wilkesboro, N. C.
McLendon, John R.	Y....	Junior	Matthews, N. C.
McLendon, Larry L.	Y....	Soph.	Wadesboro, N. C.
McManns, Oscar W.	Φ....	Fresh.	Bear Creek, N. C.
McMillan, Lonnie M.	Φ....	Fresh.	Mullins, S. C.
McMillan, Henry H.	Φ....	Soph.	Maxton, N. C.
McPhail, Rhodes		Law	Macon, Ga.
McSwain, C. C.	Y....	Junior	Lattimore, N. C.
Mangum, Oscar R.	Φ....	Junior	Durham, N. C.
Marshall, George O.	Φ....	Soph.	Currie, N. C.
Martin, Cecil E.		Fresh.	Pendleton, N. C.

Martin, C. H.	Law	Smithfield, N. C.
Martin, William R.	Φ. Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Massey, Hilliard J.	Y. Soph.	Pilot, N. C.
Medford, DeVere K.	Y. Fresh.	Clyde, N. C.
Meekins, Joseph C.	Y. Fresh.	Columbia, N. C.
Miller, Chester A.	Φ. Fresh.	Fair View, N. C.
Mitchell, Blanders G.	Y. Fresh.	Youngsville, N. C.
Montague, Samuel S.	Φ. Fresh.	Roxboro, N. C.
Moore, Orlus L.	Y. Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Morgan, Allie D.	Φ. Fresh.	Morrisville, N. C.
Morgan, Ernest L.	Y. Junior	Clyde, N. C.
Murray, John F.	Y. Soph.	Goldsboro, N. C.
Nanney, Albert H.	Y. Junior	Union Mills, N. C.
Narron, William E.	Y. Fresh.	Selma, N. C.
Olive, Alford H.	Φ. Post G.	Thomasville, N. C.
Olive, Thomas H.	Φ. Fresh.	Apex, N. C.
Outlaw, Needham W.	Φ. Fresh.	Goldsboro, N. C.
Pait, Albertus H.	Φ. Fresh.	Abbottsburg, N. C.
Parker, Lloyd A.	Y. Senior	Menola, N. C.
Parker, Thomas E.	Y. Soph.	Arnetta, N. C.
Parker, Will	Y. Fresh.	Albemarle, N. C.
Parker, Raymond G.	Y. Fresh.	Margarettsville, N. C.
Patterson, John A.	Y. Fresh.	Shelby, N. C.
Peal, Walter D.		Creaswell, N. C.
Pearson, Rufus B.	Φ. Junior	Reidsville, N. C.
Pernell, Roy Z.		Franklinton, N. C.
Petree, Francis J.	Y. Fresh.	Germanton, N. C.
Petree, Frank H.	Y. Senior	Danbury, N. C.
Phifer, Charles	Y. Fresh.	Statesville, N. C.
Picot, John M.	Y. Senior	Littleton, N. C.
Poe, Ernest D.	Φ. Fresh.	Moncure, N. C.
Poe, Willie D.	Φ. Senior	Pittsboro, N. C.
Pollard, William A.	Φ. Junior	Gaither, Ark.
Poteat, Hubert M.	Y. Senior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powell, Lewis M.	Y. Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powers, Alexander K.	Φ. Senior	Willard, N. C.
Powers, Bruce I.	Φ. Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Powers, G. J.	Φ. Fresh.	Willard, N. C.
Powers, James A.	Φ. Soph.	Wallace, N. C.
Prevette, John G.	Φ. Fresh.	Wilkesboro, N. C.
Prevette, Joe M.	Φ. Fresh.	Wilkesboro, N. C.

Ray, John E.	Y....	Fresh.	Raleigh, N. C.
Ray, Vallie C.	Y....	Senior	Bangor, N. C.
Redfearn, Frank T.	Y....	Fresh.	Monroe, N. C.
Renfrow, John R.	Y....	Fresh.	Matthews, N. C.
Revelle, Thomas L.	Φ....	Fresh.	Conway, N. C.
Richardson, Oliver P.	Φ....	Senior	Gaffney, S. C.
Royall, William L.	Y....	Senior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Ryals, Nathan T.	Law	Benson, N. C.
Sawyer, Philip G.	Y....	Fresh.	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Seull, James H.	Law	Cronley, N. C.
Seymour, T. Y.	Φ....	Fresh.	Hackney, N. C.
Sharpe, Ernest F.	Φ....	Junior	Blackwood, N. C.
Shepton, Edgar L.	Φ....	Soph.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Sizmon, Romulus L.	Y....	Senior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Siler, Isham O.	Y....	Fresh.	Lot, Ky.
Sikes, Oscar J.	Y....	Junior	Monroe, N. C.
Sikes, W. A.	Y....	Fresh.	Conway, N. C.
Singletary, J. K.	Φ....	Fresh.	Lumberton, N. C.
Singleton, Thomas C.	Y....	Soph.	Washington, N. C.
Skippy, Charles B.	Law	Lumberton, N. C.
Smith, C. Ray	Y....	Senior	Timmons ville, S. C.
Smith, John Ivey	Φ....	Senior	Greenville, N. C.
Sorgee, Benjamin	Y....	Soph.	New Brooklyn, S. C.
Spaulding, James H.	Y....	Junior	Eure, N. C.
Speas, Samuel E.	Y....	Fresh.	Booneville, N. C.
Speas, William E.	Y....	Junior	East Vend, N. C.
Speas, William P.	Y....	Junior	Huntsville, N. C.
Spence, George J.	Φ....	Senior	Elizabeth City, N. C.
Stevens, Herman T.	Φ....	Soph.	Wilson's Mills, N. C.
Stewart, John R.	Y....	Soph.	Mocksville, N. C.
Stringfield, Preston C.	Φ....	Fresh.	Burnsville, N. C.
Swindell, Frederick D.	Law	Wilson, N. C.
Taylor, Carey B.	Y....	Junior	Dunn, N. C.
Thomas, Philip J.	Y....	Fresh.	Edenton, N. C.
Thompson, Elmore O.	Y....	Soph.	Lancaster, S. C.
Thorne, Edgar N.	Y....	Soph.	Forest City, N. C.
Tilley, Laddin L.	Φ....	Fresh.	Bahama, N. C.
Timberlake, Edgar W., Jr.	Φ....	Law	Wake Forest, N. C.
Timberlake, Richard E.	Φ....	Soph.	Youngsville, N. C.
Townsend, James H.	Φ....	Soph.	Red Springs, N. C.
Turner, Eugene A.	Φ....	Post G.	Wake Forest, N. C.

Turner, James B.	Φ....	Junior	Wake Forest, N. C.
Turner, William F.	Φ....	Fresh.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Tyner, Bunyan Y.	Φ....	Soph.	Lowe, N. C.
Upchurch, C. Almon	Φ....	Soph.	Danville, Va.
Vann, William Harvey	Y....	Junior	Raleigh, N. C.
Vaughan, William L.	Y....	Post G.	Scotland Neck, N. C.
Vernon, James W.	Φ....	Junior	Bushy Fork, N. C.
Vernon, John H.	Φ....	Post G.	Bushy Fork, N. C.
Vernon, Houston W.	Y....	Post G.	Wake Forest, N. C.
Vigginer, David E.	Φ....	Fresh.	High Point, N. C.
Waller, Thomas S.	Φ....	Fresh.	Stem, N. C.
Ward, Oscar W.	Y....	Soph.	Gliden, N. C.
Watson, Edwin S.	Φ....	Fresh.	Monroe, N. C.
Watson, John A.	Y....	Fresh.	Burnsville, N. C.
Weathers, Lee B.	Y....	Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Weathers, Vernon O.	Φ....	Senior	Raleigh, N. C.
Weatherspoon, Jesse B.	Φ....	Senior	Durham, N. C.
Weatherspoon, W. Herbert	Φ....	Junior	Durham, N. C.
Webb, Norman R.	Φ....	Fresh.	Morehead City, N. C.
Webb, William P.	Φ....	Fresh.	Louisburg, N. C.
West, William E.	Y....	Fresh.	Wallaceton, N. C.
Whisnant, John W.	Y....	Post G.	Granite Falls, N. C.
Whisnant, Walter C.	Y....	Fresh.	Granite Falls, N. C.
White, Edgar E.	Y....	Fresh.	Lenoir, N. C.
White, Lee M.	Y....	Soph.	Macon, Ga.
Whitley, Julius W.	Y....	Junior	Euford's Mill, N. C.
Wiggs, Herbert L.	Y....	Senior	Atlanta, Ga.
Williams, Buford F.	Y....	Soph.	Shelby, N. C.
Willis, James B.	Φ....	Fresh.	McCall, S. C.
Willis, George G.	Y....	Fresh.	Charlotte, N. C.
Willoughby, Julian A.	Φ....	Fresh.	Richmond, Va.
Wishart, Ira E.	Φ....	Fresh.	Lumberton, N. C.
Wool, Thomas G.	Y....	Junior	Manteo, N. C.
Woodhouse, Francis M.	Y....	Fresh.	Booneville, N. C.
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